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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There are Liberals and Liberal papers that have been holding forth this week as if the honour and glory of ending the strike belonged to their party! People in the habit of taking credit for things are, notoriously, without conscience; the assumption of merit, as Hazlitt said, is so much less embarrassing than the positive attainment of it. It is quite likely there are Liberals who take credit for the men on the London and South Western line not having come out on strike: there is indeed no end to the claims of the people who once get into the vicious way of claiming credit for this or that. As a brutal fact, of course, the Government have deserved no particular honour and glory for ending the strike, though they have been paid the customary and time-honoured compliment. They possibly had a far more considerable share in beginning than in ending it. Is it really to be supposed that the furious series of speeches which Mr. Lloyd George made all over the country at the time of the last election had nothing to do with these quarrels and riots?

The real substance of Mr. Lloyd George’s Limehouse speech, the kernel of it, was an appeal to “the masses” to rise against “the classes”; an appeal against “tyrants” and “rich men” and “greedy capitalists”, and so on. It was a vast deal more than a mere tirade against “dukes”. The Limehouse speech and indeed the whole series of like speeches were inflammatory. We do not say they advocated rioting or loot—but it is too likely they suggested it. The preaching of Mr. Lloyd George at election time—and some speeches made at elections, unhappily, outlive elections—is virtually all on the same text—that of the Have-nots against the Haves. In less degree Mr. Churchill uses the same text—the most successful that any demagogue has preached from since the world began—though he uses it, one must admit, more gingerly. Again, Mr. Ure’s political

gospel generally opens at the same page. It is a singular fact that some of the most successful preachers from this text should be decidedly among the Haves themselves. At least, five thousand a year and substantial investments, and a secure balance at the bank constitute, we suppose, more or less a “Have”.

But even apart from Mr. Lloyd George and his Limehouse responsibilities a Government must take a little of the odium of a distasteful and costly affair that happens during its rule. The Unionist Government did not start Jameson on his ride and could not help Mr. Kruger growing suddenly quite unconscionable. That Unionist Government was less responsible for Mr. Kruger at any rate than this Radical Government is for Mr. Keir Hardie. It could not help Mr. Kruger and his friends striking—Mr. Asquith and Lord Haldane were outspoken witnesses to this. Yet the Liberals have always insisted that the Unionists ought to bear the entire responsibility. The taxpayer and the bread winner and the small investor have been told over and over again by the Liberal press and Liberal politicians that they are still paying for a Unionist war. It happened during the Unionist rule, and therefore the responsibility was Unionist.

Likewise then the bread winner—and the butter buyer—must credit this Government with the labour war as he credited the last Government with the Boer war. The more this is examined the more it impresses one. Why Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Keir Hardie are Government men, if they are more than Government men—the greater including the less. Mr. Lansbury was actually picked out as an ideal candidate for Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Kruger and Dr. Leyds, whatever they were, were not followers or leaders of the Unionist Government. The strike made most things expensive for the poorer and middle classes, and we hope both will carefully remember that a Liberal Government was in power at the time. Is it not a singular coincidence that, when a Liberal Government is in, bread, beer, butter and “bacca” all go up in price?

The riots in France belong to a different category, though Liberal papers are naturally anxious to repre-

sent that they are all part of "a general wave of unease" which is passing over Europe to-day. They appear to be caused by the high prices of food, largely. And here, the Liberals insist, is an object lesson for all wicked Conservatives and Tariff Reformers. We are warned that if the Unionists come in and carry Tariff Reform there will be bread riots in this country. But this is rubbish. Does anyone really believe that if Preference came next year or any year, and a two-shilling duty were put on wheat, there would be danger of a riot over the high price of bread? We never heard that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in his most Tory days—some years ago now—did anything likely to cause a bread riot; yet he put such a trifling duty on corn as Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain propose to put.

The reason why bread is costly in France is because the immense body of small farmers and peasant proprietors are guarded by—what nobody proposes to adopt here—a heavy and purely protective duty on corn. Liberals never tire of talking of the land for the people; they are going to colonise England; plant it from end to end with a race of happy and prosperous small farmers. The happy and prosperous small farmer in France, for example, meets with their enthusiastic admiration. At least, he does in theory. Practice is another thing altogether: when it comes to practice, we find that the Liberals are extremely anxious to deny the small farmer or peasant in this country the two things which have built up and which keep up the small farmer and peasant in France. One of these is ownership, the other protection.

Mr. Ure is always worth following in a small way: one wishes he were in the Cabinet so that his speeches could be reported more fully. He is essentially the wild man of the Government. Tired of telling what his opponents will do if they get into office, he is now telling us what his friends would do if they had their time all over again. In a speech this week he declared that if the strike and riots broke out again they would have out the soldiers and play exactly the same part. Mr. Ure not only fights his battles o'er again, he kills his man anew. We all knew the Lord Advocate for a fighting man since the time when he rose in the House and regretted that he could not wipe out Mr. Balfour's affront with his sword. (Since then he has assuredly wiped it out with words instead.) But this later boast—no doubt a perfectly honest boast—shows the Lord Advocate an even fiercer man than we took him for. Mr. Ure might well have been cast for the War Office, and Lord Haldane for the Lord Advocateship.

We remember a mover of the Address in the House of Commons speaking in high praise of the very remarkable speech which the seconder would presently make. Clearly he had seen that speech and knew all about it. We suppose the Master of Elibank has been looking over the remarkable series of speeches which young Mr. Gladstone has not yet made in Scotland. He speaks of them very highly indeed, and is able to state with authority that his young charge or pupil will excel in statesmanship. The Master of Elibank is a zealot. We doubt not that if there were party need of it he would praise enthusiastically a Gladstone yet unborn. He cannot even wait for the accouchement of genius.

What exactly is meant by a Scot or a Scotchman? Someone has mentioned Mr. Balfour in this debate as a Scot. No doubt he is by extraction and as laird of Whittinghame, but also he bears no likeness to what most English people regard as a Scot. Now Dr. Clark, once the M.P. for Caithness, is, or was, a typical Scot. Mr. Colville is another, Mr. Wason a third, we suppose, and was not Mr. Weir out and out Scot? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a Scot in some essentials, too, though his nationality was a little rubbed off by contact with the world quite outside Scotland. A hard-bitten Scot is pragmatic and pawky. We suppose the Master of Elibank finds both qualities in "Mr. Gladstone's grandson".

A discussion upon Ireland and her finances cannot even at a meeting of the British Association be barren of excitement. Professor Oldham for Home Rule had a wonderful array of facts and figures, slyly put forward as an essay in economic science; and a Unionist M.P. was driven to gentle remonstrance. The Separatist-Unionist M.P. for Montgomery Boroughs should have been there. It was all very mild; for were they not a gathering of scientific gentlemen brooding dispassionately over a problem that accidentally happened to be interesting as politics?

Unfairness to Ireland is hard to see. It is true that Ireland pays more than her share of taxes; but she gets back a good deal more than her share. Accepting Professor Oldham's figures, Great Britain not only pays a million and a quarter towards Irish expenses; but also pays for Army, Navy and National Debt. Ireland costs more than she pays: we run her at a loss. Irishmen may perhaps be allowed to dislike us for these benefits: that is human. But it is childish to deny them.

The Trade Union Congress was formally correct in refusing to include the representatives of the Government and the Home Office as "fraternal delegates". It was one of those captious points that delight all working men when they come together, and was loved perhaps for its own sake. But there was a corollary. Should these men be there at all? Did they not represent "a Government that could shoot Labour men"? Let all business be suspended, said Congress, till we decide whether to turn these men out of doors. Finally the "fraternal delegates" were accepted, shorn of their right to the title. But the Congress was none the less emphatic as to the soldiers. Not quite sure whether to remain "under the sheltering wing of the Liberal Government that shot them down, and charged them with bayonets", they were furiously resolved that soldiers were slaves and brutes and the chief instruments of their oppression.

That was a wonderful sketch on Wednesday by Mr. Will Thorne of a citizen-army, civilian in peace, and in war ruled by officers elected from the ranks. We should like to see it in more detail. Candidates for a commission will, we suppose, issue their addresses at the first hint of war. Is there to be a referendum for every crisis of the campaign? and will arrangements be made for periodic inspection of officers by their men? Officers would have to be careful of their style in commanding, like the mild-spoken coxswain we once heard in his first boat upon the Isis. "Paddle, if you please", he said.

Mr. Thorne had an idea that there would shortly be no more Army, if we did not accept the citizen scheme. There would be no men, since the Right to Work Bill was going to provide comfortably for everyone, and no one would be so crazed as to enlist if he could help it. Neither would there be any officers; the officers' posts were merely sinecures for the idle rich; and the rich were going to be abolished. No; the "military caste" was doomed.

The most notable thing about this discussion was the utter indifference shown by the Labour men to any interests but their own. Labour men had best be quiet in uttering the charge of class selfishness. Only one question was asked: Would this citizen army be likely to help along their private schemes as a party? Why have a citizen army? it was triumphantly asked, when the Government could be equally well bullied by a general strike? Scarcely a word about the true function of an army. The one question was whether it would be likely to kill people who were robbing and burning. Mr. Ward thought that any army was "a danger to the institutions of the country". Certainly a citizen army, in other words universal service, would, reasonably organised, be disastrous for the Labour disorderlies. The professional agitator fears a national army more than anything. As Mr. Ward was careful

to warn them, it would produce a "greater number of drilled and disciplined men".

Every day this week the Railway Commission has listened to four or five witnesses condemn the Conciliation Scheme. It works badly, they say, and even when an award is finally given the companies manage to wriggle out of it. One witness was not afraid to say that the old system of going straight to the company had been successful. This was an isolated view, but at least there was agreement that the new system had failed. Unfortunately there was no agreement as to an alternative. Most of the witnesses favoured sectional settlements, but Mr. Walter Hudson was wholly opposed to this. The questions which now came up, he urged, were questions interesting all railway workers and not particular grades. The division of opinion shown here is, of course, the same as that which separates the old trade unionist who cared only for his particular trade from the new trade unionist with his ideas of general strikes.

Reports on the Morocco negotiations are conflicting and the secret of the French proposals has been well kept. It would appear that the chief dispute may still arise over economic and trade concessions in Morocco itself. Germany of course has no more claim to consideration in such matters than we have or many other Powers; indeed, she has much less than we, for our trade is infinitely greater. The chief difficulty of course will be to keep off German political interference in the future on commercial grounds. The greater the German interests the greater the danger. It may be alleged at any time that the French Government is not giving enough protection and then the pretext for German interference may be advanced once more. This of course the French Government foresees. German industrial opinion is however not at one. Krupps are as bitterly opposed to the Agadir policy as Mannesmanns are in favour of it.

Meanwhile, throughout Germany, the game of making England the enemy continues. Fortunately British opinion has on the whole kept sane but firm. The root of the bitterness is undoubtedly to be found in a serious diplomatic mistake by German authorities that ought to have been better informed. The initial blunder of going to Agadir cannot be repaired save by going out. This is a retreat even though Germany must obtain from France elsewhere much more territorial "compensation" than she is equitably entitled to. As an electioneering move Agadir has undoubtedly been a success for the German Government. Public opinion is concentrated upon it and on "British perfidy". This drowns all other cries, electoral reform, taxation, etc., on which the Socialists were counting for a victory.

There have been this week two great naval displays, at Kiel and at Toulon. The German taxpayer has been shown what he is getting for his money, and M. Delcassé has been proving his capacity as a naval reformer. There is some tall talk in certain French newspapers; one even, "Le Temps", tells us that the long-dreamed-of "Mediterranean Empire" is at last an assured fact. This is all very well. With the British fleet on guard in the North Sea, the French fleet can at present command the Mediterranean, which is convenient for both of us, but the freedom of the North Sea is the condition precedent. We are sincerely glad of the approaching revival of the French navy, but the incompetence and delays of past régimes cannot be atoned for by six months, even of Delcassé.

Burgess' swim across the Channel is the ideal of seasonable topics for the blazing hot September when people, if they are not actually taking holiday, are, at any rate, not in working mood. France and Morocco and the Labour Commission are subjects too complicated, and the possibilities of them too serious. It is an unalloyed pleasure to have the newspapers full of

pictures and descriptions of the sea, and capes, and lighthouses, and boats as accessories of a man having a cool swim on a sultry September night. Sea-sickness and cramp in the stomach and inflamed eyes are unpleasant incidents for the man we admit; but at this time of the year we most of us take immense pleasure in recalling the discomforts of holidays. On the whole we make it out that Burgess was a lucky fellow to have such a jolly good swim from Dover to Cape Griz Nez. As athletics it must have been a much pleasanter kind at the worst than Hackenschmidt having his toe twisted by Gotch.

Then there was music—the "Marseillaise"; quite pier-heady and sea-sidy; though the "Marseillaise" is not usually played to quite that extent. But getting the better of the illusory pleasantness, everybody also is satisfied that Burgess has done a great feat of skill and strength, and deserves the admiration we are all ready to give the athlete. Some severe moralists, who may object that so much energy would be better devoted, say, to the commercial supremacy of the Empire, will temper their reflection with the admission that swimming is not brutal. The Channel is; and Burgess has got the better of it. His feat, like the climber's, is overcoming the brutality of Nature. But, unlike the case of flying, it is pure athletics without any further results. Burgess has done what most swimming athletes have failed to do; but he leaves the question quite open whether Nature was in as good form as she was when she beat the others.

Burgess will no doubt be pleased to think that his feat has cleared away the last remaining doubt as to whether Captain Webb really did it before him. Burgess and others had made so many failures that they were making Captain Webb rather improbable. The usual course is for records to be broken; but for a generation swimmers have been trying only to do over again what Webb was reported to have done. It was hardly possible that Webb could have such superior skill or strength, nor anybody else his luck. But now, whatever the combination, Burgess has shown that the feat can be done, and the inference is stronger that Webb did it. The only question that remains seems to be: now two men have done the swim, can there be much interest in the making of records, as they would clearly depend on the natural conditions, and not on the varying qualities of the competitors?

Inventors are terrible people, their remedies often seeming worse than the diseases they are anxious to cure. At the British Association the inventor of what is known as the Adkins-Lewis system explained it as a device for solving the London tube traffic. The trains are to take up passengers without stopping; slowing down automatically at the stations to a feasible speed. We are told definitely that the invention will abolish drivers; and why not guards and some others? This plunges us right into the midst of new labour troubles; as though we have not sufficient on hand already. The inventor promises to abolish collisions on the railways; but it would give us more collisions in the streets between the unemployed and the police or the soldiers. Inventions are very non-moral kind of things; and inventors treat humanity as if it too were a machine. Will it ever be possible for inventors to invent anything to establish some better *modus vivendi* between "revolving shafts and screw threads" and human flesh and blood?

Mr. Douglas Blackburn, claiming to have lied for thirty years, cannot be very indignant with those who say that the lie is in his claim to be a liar. Naturally all believers in spooks, rapping and levitation refuse to believe him; and we have the strange spectacle of a man desperately trying to prove that he is a genuine fraud. His "confession" is more a comedy than he thought it would be; for it seems he did not bargain for his alleged fellow in the hoax turning up to insist that they were both honourable men. He thought his comrade was ere this himself a spook, which shows, at any rate, that



Mr. Blackburn's correspondence with the spirit world was neither very regular nor trustworthy.

The scandal will pass, and not one believer will be disturbed. Those set on believing would still believe if every one of their chosen intermediaries were caught in fraud red-handed, or confessed as circumstantially as Mr. Blackburn. The devout see what they wish to see, as Mr. Blackburn says even of distinguished men of science who watched him at his tricks. Certainly this is true of the majority, who have no idea of separating real evidence from the most obvious flummery. Some are quite ready to cook their sensations and their reports quite consciously; and it is difficult even for the sincere seeker after truth not to do it, as they would say, subliminally. Even if Mr. Blackburn succeeds in proving that he has been a delusion, there will be no earth-shaking result. Spiritualists will immediately forget him and find someone else.

The authorities at the Royal Academy of Music are about to try for themselves what happens when old wine is poured into a new bottle. Their new bottle is picturesquely and conveniently situated in the Marylebone Road near a waxwork show, a police station, a workhouse, and some hospitals. On the 25th of this month the old wine will be carted from Tenterden Street, where it has been accumulating for about ninety years. Without exception each year's stock has been of a thin and watery vintage; and such wines we know do not improve with age. Rather they tend to change to something sour or musty. We shall see. It is a pity new life could not be infused into the old concern in the old building: a new building certainly cannot put life into it.

In opera we have long been threatened with American invaders. They have come, and now our only chance is to throw them out. Most likely that will occur, for the three attacking armies are not united, and will snatch eagerly at each other's supplies. Mr. Quinlan makes a start in Liverpool at the beginning of October. Mr. Hammerstein opens his new shop in Kingsway during November, and gave fair warning of his approach by announcing performances of several operas, the rights of which are not his. Mr. Whitney was to have done mighty things at Covent Garden, but already his proposals have been whittled away till a mere commercial "proposition" is left. "Der Rosenkavalier" of Richard Strauss was to be given; but Mr. Whitney, with that startling suddenness which shows how swiftly the American mind works, discovered that he was like to drop £30,000—and he dropped the opera instead. Strauss has got one more glorious unpaid advertisement; and someone is sure to take up his work soon. Altogether the look-out is a hopeful one. There may not be much music, but assuredly there will be some fun.

The death of Mrs. Thurston is naturally felt keenly by many who knew her personally and by others who cared for her work. But what a needless exaggeration it is to call her books "great"! It is obviously crude and violent criticism to use the word of any book she wrote. That her books sold by thousands or by the ton proves not for a moment that they were great. It is said they were translated into various foreign languages. Again, this is no proof of greatness. The truth is that "great" can only be applied to the novels of one writer to-day—and he is no longer writing.

Clever novelists there are in something like plenty to-day. Mr. Galsworthy's cleverness is never for a moment in question, nor Mr. Wells', nor Mr. Arnold Bennett's, and there are others of both sexes who come within the same list. These writers are full of the new ideas about society and politics and marriage, and they handle their themes with distinction and sometimes with power. But it ends at that. It would be quite as reasonable and true to say that there are "great" poets writing in England to-day as that there are "great" novelists. The great novelist, the great poet, and the great actor is not in England to-day.

#### GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

THERE is no doubt that the nerve crisis by which Europe has been gripped for some weeks is exasperating as well as dangerous. Every day during which it continues imperils a peaceful solution and inspires fresh rumours which in their turn cause fresh apprehensions. Berlin, oddly enough, is more agitated than London or Paris. German funds have been falling and industrial stock topples down in every direction. The disquieting feature is the heavy and continuous sale in the Berlin market of American securities of all kinds. This may be wrongly but plausibly attributed to a warning by the Government that it is desirable for the great financial houses to be provided with much ready cash. Whatever else may be doubtful this is clear—in the interest of business men, who count in Germany for a good deal, some arrangement is imperative without undue delay. Two curious features in the situation compel attention, the comparative sanity of our own press and the growing Chauvinism of the French. Without any self-righteousness we can explain this to a large extent by the self-evident fact that we have not been aggressors, and that even with regard to the French, Germany has managed to put herself entirely in the wrong. In sending troops to Fez, France was going outside the mandate of Algeiras. But there was never even a colourable excuse for the subsequent action of the German authorities in sending a warship to Agadir. There were neither German interests nor German subjects there needing protection. If afterwards an increase of German territory in the Congo were all that was demanded it might have been asked for and obtained, for France would have been only too glad to make a deal. Provocative and overbearing action is the favourite engine of German diplomacy, and is supposed in some quarters to be Bismarckian. But in fact it is only Bismarckian when sure of immediate success; failing that it must end in something like humiliation even though there be substantial territorial gain.

Unfortunately the trail of unscrupulous finance is over the whole business. The move on Fez was engineered by French speculators. To this the Mannesmann group responded by pushing their Government to Agadir. As a fact German financiers and concession hunters really had something to complain of in their treatment by successive French Governments. Arrangements had been frequently entered into and then came to nothing owing to the underhand machinations of French financiers operating on weak administrations and also to the brief and precarious tenures of recent French Ministries.

But, even admitting this, the Agadir coup is quite inexplicable except on the hypothesis that German enterprise was intended to fix itself there under the protection of the German eagle whose determination not to abandon the spot on which he has once planted his claws is well known and has been imperially certified. Unfortunately British feeling was not taken into account, was indeed directly and by implication repudiated as negligible. It is certain that it was firmly believed in Berlin that we should raise no objection to Germany settling with France on her own terms. It is extraordinary, even inexplicable, that German diplomacy could have been so ill-informed. But German statesmen never do seem able to grasp the simplest facts about British politics. We must presume that they took all the pacifist talk of Mr. Lloyd George and his friends at its face value and ignored altogether the vital elements of policy by which all British Governments must be swayed when they are faced with the real facts of world policy. Hence they are scandalised when suddenly confronted by the reality of things and learn that Germany cannot be allowed to deal with France as she likes in Morocco. They learn with pain and astonishment that certain British interests will be affected which we would rather fight than surrender. We are, then, startled by wild outbursts of Anglophobia such as have surprised us during the last ten days. This is not the first but the worst manifestation of the kind we have seen. In the face of all this British opinion has



been calm and on the whole dignified. We have had other matters to occupy us, but it would be dangerous to count on this commendable attitude continuing too long. The attack on Sir Fairfax Cartwright was quite inexcusable and is an instance of those ill-conditioned German methods of press warfare which might justify a more severe castigation than it has received.

Yet the fury and disappointment of what Bismarck called his "ink-beasts" do not alone explain the recent outburst of Anglophobia. It is not purely newspaper-manufactured. There is, unfortunately, a deal of genuine national hatred at bottom, and it is difficult to know how it can be satiated or allayed. The best hope is for a square deal, face to face, when the present crisis has ended peaceably, as we hope and believe it will. Whatever the precise terms of this settlement may be and however generous in territorial concessions, they will undoubtedly leave great soreness behind in Germany against us. To the jaundiced eye of the patriot, and not altogether unreasonably, we appear to block the way to the German hunger for development not only in Morocco but everywhere. As we indicated earlier in the controversy, there is no reason why we should not frankly acquiesce in Germany having a free hand in Asia Minor. If she believes that she can really expand there to any profit, let her try. We much doubt the capacity of the country to give a reasonable return in the end for what is spent on it. It would, however, occupy the attention of the "Empire increasers" for some time. It certainly might mean more expenditure on our part in defensive arrangements, but wherever Germany expands we must be prepared for that, and by this time our pacifists must have learned wisdom, or may be regarded as negligible even under a Liberal régime.

German feeling is unfortunately so strong against this country just now that we fear it is impossible to avoid an increase of naval expenditure on both sides. Even under this Government we shall not give up the race, and shall certainly be more than ever determined to keep well in front. This is elementary. On the other hand we must try to make it clear that the purely "bottling up" policy is not ours, and that we are open to a reasonable give-and-take arrangement. Of course this will not be easy. It will be hard to persuade British opinion with Morocco experience before us that any agreement can be made to which Germany will adhere when there appears to be a good opportunity to get out of it. This is the Nemesis of always talking as if might alone made right, and of Bismarckian poses generally. On the other hand, Germans will hardly be persuaded that England is not "having" them over a deal. This belief in our Machiavellian policy is greatly due to the fact that our leading politicians indulge in a lot of flapping for the benefit of certain sections of their followers. It is impossible to make foreigners believe that this talk is not seriously meant and is no genuine indication of policy. If we could remove these sources of misunderstanding enough to negotiate we might get along better, but for a time there is bound to be irritation. However the point may be wrapped up, a retreat from Agadir is a retreat, and in the end it is due to English interference. If, as a German paper has said, "this is a question of might", then English and French "might" at sea is to-day overwhelming. There is no getting over that. On the other hand, Germans might well console themselves that they have made great gains due to the menace of their land power alone.

England will not grumble much at being made a whipping post if the agreement turns out satisfactory, but France has a delicate course to steer in reconciling German commercial demands in Morocco with the undoubted claim to equality of treatment possessed by all the other Powers, ourselves included. Also the terms by which Germany affirms her *désintéressement* in Morocco will have to be very stringent indeed. The admission of strong commercial claims may easily lead again to political interference, and the great steel industries in Germany can put very strong pressure

on their Government. Fortunately at the present juncture, while Mannesmanns were urging the Agadir coup, Krupps were as strongly against it. The German Foreign Office has no easy job, and we can forgive a good deal of very tactless abuse if the peace is kept and our own interests duly preserved. It must, however, not be forgotten that all the signatory Powers will expect an agreement varying the Algeiras settlement to be submitted for their approval.

#### THE KILMARNOCK JOB.

BY a narrow majority the Young Scots National Council has decided in favour of Mr. Gladstone's candidature for the Kilmarnock Burghs, and against supporting a Labour nominee if acceptable." It is unnecessary to labour the value of the last two words in this august pronouncement or to consider the increasing difficulty of reconciling the dear ally, Labour, with the other dear ally, Liberalism. The point of the Kilmarnock business lies elsewhere. It lies in the success—not very considerable, but on the whole adequate—with which the Master of Elibank has preached to the Young Scots who objected to having a young Gladstone thrust on them the doctrine that William Ewart Gladstone was a true Scot, that his grandson is an even purer Scot, and (alternatively) that the services of the grandfather were so great that Kilmarnock Burghs would be for ever shamed if the electors did not rally round the grandson without cantankerous criticism. That success, and the large pomposity of the Chief Liberal Whip's letter in answer to the original protest of the Young Scots, are a sheer, if diverting, amazement.

It is, of course, foolish and futile to delve in pedigree to discover the precise admixture of blood which flowed in the veins of the greater Gladstone. By the use of the genealogical pickaxe it is possible to prove almost any kind of ancestry for any prominent person. A college of family heralds might prove that Disraeli was a Welshman or that Mr. Tillet was a Boer, and if it really be so urgently necessary that only a Scot should represent Scotland, as the Young Scots believe, we need not fear that the new Nationalist doctrine will deprive that country of the Parliamentary services of distinguished members on whose thorough Anglicism no aspersions have as yet been cast. Let us agree that W. E. Gladstone was, at all events, a Scotchman, and congratulate the Young Scots on the value of the Master of Elibank's researches. "The Gladstone pedigree", as his letter asserts, "is pure and without reproach" in this matter. That fact has neither interest nor importance. The whole discussion is nonsensical.

But the alternative defence is more important. "If ever a man had a moral right to seek a Scottish seat it is Gladstone's grandson—the grandson of a man once described by the Midlothian electors as the greatest living Scotsman, whom, amidst tumults of enthusiasm and popular feeling, all Scotland proudly flocked to hear, and to whose magnetic genius, prescience, and statecraft Scottish democracy to-day owes so much of its vitality and inspiration." That example of rodomontade hides within its verbosity a doctrine by no means new. It is known as the hereditary principle. Never before has the hereditary principle been upheld with so fine a disregard of lesser considerations. The free and independent electors of British constituencies are supposed both by the law and custom of the Constitution and by more popular authority to choose for themselves the representative whom they desire. In practice the choice is limited; the freedom and independence are subject to the pressure of the party machine. But we are now presented in bald terms wrapped in ornate pomposity with the engaging notion that gentlemen should be allowed to succeed to membership—and salary—of the House of Commons because they are the descendants of their grandfathers. Mr. Jones has a great career. He performs meritorious work for his party, he becomes a Minister of the Crown, he attains parliamentary eminence. And he dies, and

they bury him. But the prescriptive right to a seat in the House of Commons is imperishable. So long as a Jones remains, that seat can be claimed on grounds of "moral right", which stifle the impudent protests of rebels who are not for bowing the knee to Jones. Because "all Scotland proudly flocked to hear" Mr. Gladstone during the famous Midlothian campaign, Kilmarnock Burghs, Young Scots and all, must welcome his grandson when he seeks the suffrages of free and independent Liberalism.

That is the hereditary principle to which the Master of Elibank clings. Indeed, he "rejoices", in a continued flow of sonorous verbosity, "that the unfettered choice of the Kilmarnock Burghs Liberal Association has fallen on a candidate so well equipped and the bearer of a revered name". What is more, "Time"—he is grandiloquently "confident"—"will abundantly prove the wisdom of the choice and the shrewdness of the Liberals who have thus inaugurated a career that is fraught with the prospect of splendid service to the State". It is evident that this verbal hæmorrhage has not widely impressed the recalcitrant Young Scots. Perhaps, like us, they perceived its grotesque absurdity. It is only "by a narrow majority" that they have come to heel and preferred the sacrosanct hereditary principle to the Labour nominee.

The hereditary principle has, however, been saved—the Chief Whip has struck his wordy blow for it! Shall we on that account hear less in the future of that passionate desire of Liberalism to abolish the hereditary principle which, in a far milder form, is the basis of our eviscerated Second Chamber? That is not our expectation. It is, of course, clear enough that any real reform of the Upper House is distasteful and abhorrent to Liberal ideas. Liberalism does not want a reformed Second Chamber, and the pious "preamble" very nearly caused serious rebellion by a bare mention of that odious task. Many Liberals do not really want to impair the hereditary principle. If that were once seriously jeopardised, how could the value of a peerage, so essential to the financial stability of a democratic party, be decently maintained? But practice and theory need never be reconciled in that camp of self-delusion and shuffle, the Liberal party, and the clamour against the hereditary principle in the House of Lords will not be stilled. On the other hand, the Kilmarnock comedy has furnished a definite illustration of political jobbery of which the meaning is unmistakable. This insistence on the candidature of young Mr. Gladstone shows us the party machine riding roughshod over the insolent rebellion of local opinion. It fixes the hereditary principle in its most extravagant and least defensible form as a sacred plank in the Liberal platform. We are grateful for the episode. It has given to the country a capital example of empty-headed grandiloquence, and it has enabled us once more to measure at its trivial worth the honesty of what are called Liberal principles.

#### HOME RULE SCIENCE.

WHO is Professor C. H. Oldham, and how did the Economists of the British Association discover him? He appears to be connected in some way with the Home Rule University that has lately been invented in Ireland. They expected him to read a paper to them for the Advancement of Science, and he made a speech to them for the Advancement of Home Rule. As if that were not bad enough, his speech assumed the savants to be all children, with a blackboard and chalk to make them all Home Rulers. The speechmaker might have safely counted on their ignorance of Irish data, but, unfortunately for himself, he went far beyond that. They could at least be trusted to see how far the "paper" agreed with itself, but in his missionary zeal the Home Rule Professor put before them a most amazing jumble of Irish fictions which were found to destroy one another. As Home Rule oratory the

fictions could amaze nobody, but as "scientific" data they made the Economists look at each other, wondering at the entertainment that could be got out of Science as "advanced" in an Irish University. Take, for instance, the Professor's treatment of the table recently issued by the Treasury for a balance-sheet between Great Britain and Ireland since the Exchequers were amalgamated in 1817. This table is on page 20 of Parliamentary Paper No. 221. It makes nine groups of the ninety years down to 1909-10, and it makes one entry of the Irish net contribution for each group, so that the average for the whole can easily be worked out. Now, the entry for each group is near the beginning of that group, so that it must stand for the ten years following it. Each entry must work forward, because it cannot work backward. Accordingly the Treasury's last entry for the ninety years is at 1899-1900, and obviously covers the ground down to 1909-10. Having arrived at this last date, our academic Home Ruler, chalk in fist, turns back on the last decade, and reckons for it over again, adding £16,214,000 to the already completed total in favour of Ireland. On the other side of the account ought to be the interest on the Irish National Debt, paid by Great Britain, with principal and interest to stand as purely British liabilities in case Home Rule should be passed; but the Professor of Home Rule had not brought one count of this into his "scientific" balance sheet, announced by him as the last word in financial "justice" between Great Britain and Ireland. The actual official documents from which he had quoted were placed in front of him on the table, revealing his quotations in error by 12, 20, and even 33 per cent., and all the errors, with one exception, in favour of the College Green Parliament.

The next exposure had to do with tea. As the centre of the tea trade, Great Britain clears duty on a certain quantity of tea before it reaches Ireland, but as this quantity is consumed in Ireland, the duty on it is finally paid there, in the form of an increase in the price charged by the British merchant, who adds the amount of the duty in his invoice to the Irish buyer. A smaller quantity of tea comes from Ireland to Great Britain on similar terms, and in adjusting the mutual liabilities, the Treasury deducts the one quantity from the other. Now, the Irish Department of Agriculture collects the figures for Irish imports of tea, not to ascertain duty balances, but simply to know the foreign trade of the country. This being the purpose, the Irish import figures are meant to show all imports of tea, in bond or out of it. The Irish figures for the whole are naturally larger than the British figures for the part, and pointing out the difference, but not explaining it, the astonishing Professor exclaimed, "These are Government figures". He invited the Treasury to explain, but the Treasury was not there, and the Economists were left to infer that the Home Rule Chancellor of the Imperial Exchequer was deliberately swindling his allies of holy Ireland. Then came whisky and tobacco, dutiable products largely originating in Ireland for the British market, so that the duty, when cleared in Ireland, is finally paid by the British consumer. There are no such large counter transactions in these products, especially whisky, and the fiction that could be worked up here against Ireland is very much larger than the tea fiction worked up in her favour. Accordingly there was not one word on the blackboard about either tobacco or whisky, and there was not one word about them in the speech. Again, the savants had to be assisted to grasp the inwardness of Economic Science as "advanced" in an Irish University. One exposure followed another. His own official authorities confronted the unhappy Professor to accuse him of "advancing Science" in the interests of Home Rule for Ireland at the expense of the time and the patience of the British Association. In fairness to the Economic Section and its able rector, careful steps had been taken to make sure of the difference between Science and cattle-driving. Mr. Oldham's own treat-



ment of the alleged evidence for his case made it quite necessary for the British Economists to guard their record against the approval of such a performance, and the result of the conflict between Mr. Oldham and his critics was to bring out a great deal of truth which he could hardly have put into his harangue without endangering his post in the Home Rule University.

There never was a more impudent invention than this about the overtaxation of Ireland. It is the British who are overtaxed, by Ireland, but there is no better way of disguising the fact than to declare that Ireland is overtaxed by Great Britain; and now it is proposed to fix the injustice permanently, with a bankrupt balance going over any year to a Dublin Parliament, and the capitalised liability of Ireland's former insolvencies thrown into the British burden in addition. Elaborate care and no little ability are applied to confuse the facts so that the British taxpayer may never be able to understand them; but the situation in substance can easily be expressed in a few figures. When the Exchequers were amalgamated in 1817, an Irish National Debt of 112 millions was taken over as a joint liability, and not one cent of it has ever been redeemed by Ireland. The interest on it is still paid by the British, and anyone can test the calculation for himself. The immediate cause of the amalgamation was the hopeless bankruptcy of Ireland as a separate State. She had been spending over eleven and a half millions a year, collecting only about half of this as her total revenue, and regularly borrowing the other half. The Imperial Parliament arranged then to meet all Irish expenditure and to take as "contribution to Imperial services" only whatever might be left. After falling for more than a generation, this balance came down to about half a million three years ago, and on the average of the past two years there is a yearly deficit of more than a million, with every prospect of going worse. For the ninety years reviewed before the British Association, the total of Ireland's credit balances is 315 millions, and the total interest on her National Debt, paid for her, is 263 millions, reckoned at two and a half per cent.—it was over that during most of the time. The Home Rule Professor himself puts down two millions a year as a fair charge for Ireland's defences, though, as an independent nation, she could not defend herself with five times the amount. On the Home Rule estimate, this cost of defence for the ninety years comes to 180 millions, and now, dropping fractions of the million for simplicity, we get Ireland's account as follows for the period:—

Dr.	Millions	Cr.	Millions
Interest on National Debt	263	Balances	315
Cost of Defence	180	Balance due by Ireland	128
	443		443

Any error in this is merely fractional, or in charging the interest against Ireland too low.

#### SPOILING THE LANDSCAPE.

IT was Ruskin; if we remember rightly, who first objected to the hideous disfigurement of English landscapes by advertisement hoardings. The nuisance has developed since, but none the less the good seed has not been wholly unfruitful. It has taken nigh upon half a century for the blade to grow. We have it in a bye-law of the Hants County Council, approved by the Home Secretary, which makes it a penal offence to exhibit any hoarding, stand, or other erection, visible from any public highway (whether carriage way, bridle way, or foot-path) of a nature to disfigure the natural beauty of the landscape. Previously it lay with the local authorities to specify in advance each spot sufficiently picturesque to be spoilt by the erection in its vicinity of unsightly advertisements. This was a task which involved considerable labour and outlay, and many local corporations and councils proved unequal to the effort. It was decided, however, that the Advertisements Regulation Act of 1907 could not be legally enforced on any other conditions. That the law, even as it was then interpreted, was not wholly ineffectual,

is proved by the fact that in the Lake District of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, and in many other parts of the United Kingdom, advertising to the detriment of natural places of beauty has been put a stop to. But these are districts famous for their attractions all the world over, and constantly visited by countless tourists, so that the whole force of local interest was opposed to their desecration. In many other picturesque parts of the United Kingdom advertisement was free. There is now a prospect that, owing to the noble efforts of the Hants County Council, it will in future be considerably curtailed. In the congratulations which are due to this public-spirited body of men from all lovers of Nature, it is only right and proper to associate the Scapa Society, which has done a most important work by insisting upon the original Advertisements Regulation Act being enforced whenever and wherever it was possible.

The situation was rapidly becoming intolerable. The circle of Philistines who consider that commercial and industrial interests give them a claim to trespass upon our right to enjoy the beauties of Nature was constantly growing larger. Every fresh invention, and every fresh need following its acceptance, was made the excuse for some new inroad upon the landscape. The ingenuity with which these outrages upon scenery were perpetrated became proportionately more complex and horrible. In addition to the vast expanses of board loud with every species of hideous and vulgar poster a more deadly method of advertising than any known before has recently been introduced. We refer to the monstrous figures of human beings and animals cut out of some solid material and erected in fields and by road sides to push the sale of patent foods and similar quackery.

The remedy, if remedy it is to be, has come just in time. Advertisers will naturally make every effort to drive a coach and six through the new bye-law, and the future alone can show to what extent they may be successful. For five years they cannot be compelled to remove any of the abominable structures which they may have already set up, and the Home Secretary's sanction to the bye-law does not become final until objections have been heard from those whose interests are adversely affected by it. But once this sanction is definitely obtained, the onus of proving that the offending advertisement does not disfigure the landscape falls upon the advertiser. At first, no doubt, an attempt will be made to resist the application of the law by disputing its validity. This is a point which can only be settled by bringing a test case before the Courts, and it is satisfactory to know that the Hants County Council are courageously determined to fight any such action to the bitter end. But even supposing that they should succeed, they would not by any means be out of the wood. The question of fact as to whether or not an advertisement is a disfigurement to the landscape may be raised by any advertiser who disputes the application to himself of the new bye-law. Presumably a jury will be called upon to settle this question, and there is always the danger that a jury may not take a particularly enlightened view of a matter which should more properly be submitted to a committee of artists. And would the artists easily agree as to what is and what is not an eye-sore? As Anatole France's Professor Bergeret philosophically remarked when he saw two offensive caricatures of himself chalked upon his house wall by his own pupils, one with an upturned, the other with a down-turned nose: "Deux Ecoles!" Both Whistler and Baudelaire were fond of saying that they hated Nature. Sheridan was another great man who, according to Sir Uvedale Price, whose guest he had been, showed "very little pleasure in music, none in scenery: for if this house had been placed in the midst of Hounslow Heath he could not have taken less notice of all that surrounded it". Sir Uvedale Price evidently despised Hounslow Heath, and no disfigurement that it might have undergone at the hands of advertisers, had they existed in his time, would have roused his indignation. Then admitting, as is perhaps legitimate, that the



majority of people at the present day are sufficiently cultivated to approve heartily of the new bye-law, and sincerely interested in the preservation of beautiful scenery, there are still obstacles which the County Council may find some difficulty in overcoming. Assuming that the Council fail in some particular instance in proving the "fact" of disfigurement, the costs of the action will presumably fall upon the ratepayers, and a succession of luckless law-suits of this nature would involve the community in a very serious outlay. In a conviction, it remains to be seen upon whom the pains and penalties will really fall. Primarily no doubt upon the owner of the ground upon which the offending advertisement has been set up, but in places which are not show places, and where local interests are not all strongly in favour of the landscape, it would seem that, with the connivance and financial aid of the advertiser, the owner might not have much difficulty in evading the bye-law. The Smoke Abatement Act is, as we all know, constantly set at naught by wealthy manufacturing firms in London and elsewhere, who prefer paying a trifling fine to putting out their factory fires. It is to be hoped, however, that a more satisfactory method of suppression than that which has been applied to vanquishing the smoke nuisance may be found for the barbarians who at present disfigure with impunity the rural scenery of Great Britain. And when this essential reform has been successfully achieved, the zeal of the various County Councils might carry them a little farther afield, and certain other matters remedied. If, for instance, a bye-law were to be passed forbidding picnics in woodland places such as Epping Forest, Hadley Woods, and Richmond Park, their still wild loveliness would not be destroyed as it now is by the hideous spectacle of endless dirty scraps of paper strewn under the trees. Or, perhaps, the Continental method might be adopted of employing impoverished and elderly persons for a small wage to pick up such disfiguring rubbish and destroy it.

#### THE CITY.

THE Stock markets have shown a much better tendency this week, although the volume of purchases by the public has not appreciably increased. There has been a small amount of call option dealing, which necessitates a little bidding for stock, and a few bear accounts have been closed by those who think that the liquidation is now over. The forced sales have no doubt been completed, and the technical position of the markets is therefore much sounder; but there remains a good deal of stock which has yet to find a home. Dealers who came to the assistance of "lame ducks" at the last settlement will not hold the bankrupt stock indefinitely; but they are in a position to bide their time before realising, and their holdings are not a menace to the stability of the market.

It would be interesting to trace the precise origin of the sudden change of market sentiment. It became observable simultaneously in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York, and the only factor likely to affect all these markets at once was the Moroccan affair. There is ground for believing that the revival of optimism commenced on the Continental bourses. The immediate future of the market seems to depend upon the outcome of the negotiations between France and Germany. An amicable understanding is confidently expected in the City, and it is hoped that it will not be much longer delayed.

In Home Rails the tone has become distinctly better. Bear repurchases have been accompanied by a little investment buying in small lots by those who find sufficient attraction in a yield of 5 per cent. and over. The railway traffics now show unmistakable signs of the handling of merchandise which had accumulated during the suspension of operations. The North-Western reports an increase of £25,000 for last week, the Great Western £24,000, the Great Northern £11,200, the Midland £10,000, and the Great Central

£5100, all these gains coming on top of substantial increases in the corresponding week last year. The only notable exception is the North-Eastern with a decrease of £48,000, which is explained by the company always being a week behind the others in reporting its goods traffic. As regards the Scottish railway dividends, the Glasgow and South-Western and the North British are quite satisfactory, but the Caledonian was disappointing, as the whole of the gross increase secured has been swallowed up by expenses.

Canadian Pacifics, thanks to the better feeling in Berlin and in New York, have made a fair recovery, aided by a bumper traffic for the last ten days of August, showing a gain of \$364,000. Grand Trunks Ordinary and Third Preference have been in some demand, although the traffic increase of £2860 was only moderately satisfactory. American rails seem to have gained strength during the two days' holiday. Trade conditions, as indicated by the Steel Trust's bookings and shipments and by the iron output figures, are more encouraging. The railroad labour is also thought to be improving, and some pessimistic utterances by Mr. James J. Hill have been ignored, although he is usually a very safe prophet. Interest in the market on this side, however, remains very low.

Business in Argentine rails has quietened down after the recent rise, and prices remain almost stationary except in the case of Buenos Ayres Pacifics, which are still improving on dividend prospects. Mexican rails continue strong.

The Kaffir market received a shock in the beginning of the week on the news that the East Rand Proprietary Company would have to reduce its dividend on account of a mysterious loss of gold in the cyanide plant. The effect of this was to bring the full force of the limelight upon the various demerits of Rand management and finance in general, and cause further disquiet among long-suffering Rand gold-mining shareholders. But prices had reached such a low level that very few real holders were tempted to sell, and with the more optimistic tone throughout the "House", Kaffir shares have since registered a small improvement. Rhodesians also have been in better condition, Surprise shares leading a rise in response to news of favourable developments.

The market for Rubber shares has not undergone much change; but the Oil list has been somewhat strengthened by a sharp advance in Spies, due chiefly to bear covering from Paris, where the continued rise in the price of crude oil in Russia has made a good impression. The latest quotation at Baku is 29 copecks per pood, comparing with about 15 copecks at this time last year. Shells are firmer, but the many evidences of the severity of the fight with the Standard Oil Company prevent any appreciable demand for the shares. Maikop descriptions remain out of favour, the latest development being an unfortunate but unavoidable rearrangement of the Maikop Midland Company's capital.

#### INSURANCE.

##### THE CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

FOUR of our older life offices employ no agents and consistently decline to pay commission to anybody, relying for patronage on their age and reputation and bonus results, the efforts of friends, and the ordinary channels of publicity. Of this quartet the Equitable Life Assurance Society was founded in 1762, the London Life Association in 1806, the Clergy Mutual Assurance Society in 1829, and the Metropolitan Life Assurance Society in 1835, the youngest of the four being therefore about seventy-six years old. As each alike possesses substantial assurance funds, and is still adding to its accumulations, gives handsome bonuses to its members, and operates its business at a low cost, it is obviously a mistake to regard these societies as failures; albeit in recent years their progress has been somewhat disappointing. From some points of view they are proved successes. Where they fail is

in their ability to obtain a fair share of the new business that is going. On merits they deserve far more support than they secure; indeed, only the Equitable and the Clergy Mutual now make any headway worth mentioning.

The last-named society is still growing, although not very rapidly. During the five years ended 31 May 1911 the number of life and annuity policies existing increased from 12,676 to 14,196; the amount assured, with bonuses, from £9,204,845 to £9,690,586; the annual premium income from £250,319 to £267,844; and the sum of the annuities, per annum, from £18,107 to £40,901. These comparisons afford a fair index to the changes which occurred during the course of the recent quinquennium, but it is manifest that the annuity department was again, relatively, by far the most active. While the life policies increased in number from 12,254 to 13,310, or by less than nine per cent., the annuities marked a rise from 422 to 886, and it is worth while to mention that since 1905, when ordinary life annuities were first granted, the business of this section has practically trebled.

In the case of the life assurances, the gain during the five years was not very considerable, although there was some improvement as compared with the results of the two preceding quinquenniums. Regarded as a whole, however, the period just closed was extremely encouraging. Irrespective of the notable growth of the annuity transactions, the quinquennial volume of new business showed an increase of 323 policies and £306,251 in sums assured, while the rate of expenditure was £7 4s. 2d. per cent., against £7 13s. 4d. per cent. in the previous five years. The larger business was, therefore, transacted at a lower cost, adding materially to the profits, and in the matter of interest also the record was more favourable. After income-tax had been deducted the average rate earned was £3 17s. 1d. per cent., or 2s. per cent. more than in the preceding 1901-06 quinquennium. Somewhat curiously, moreover, the claims proved exceptionally light, even for this society, which chiefly caters for choice lives. Out of £1,639,563 expected to be paid, according to the OM (5) Table used in the valuation, only £1,141,034, or 69.6 per cent., had actually to be found, and the payment of £498,529 was deferred.

In view of the gradual expansion of the aggregate amount at risk, and the large sums which have been added to policies in the form of reversionary bonuses, such a result is most remarkable. Life offices which spend money freely and regularly transact a growing volume of new business, almost invariably report satisfactory mortality statistics, because an excessive proportion of the assured lives are subject to medical selection, which exerts an influence on the death-rate for something like fifteen years. It is different, however, in the case of an old society issuing some five hundred policies in the twelve months. Most of the Clergy Mutual's patrons have been members of the society for more than the period stated, and no longer rank even in the slightest degree as selected lives.

Good fortune, as well as good management, was, however, needed on the present occasion. In one respect the quinquennial investigation ended unsatisfactorily, as £103,567 was written off the value of the assets on revaluation. But for this misfortune—a very rare one in the Clergy Mutual's case—the surplus would have proved the largest in the history of the business. As it was, it amounted to £517,934 net, or to £553,995 inclusive of interim and intermediate bonus. These figures compare with £533,360 in 1906, with £569,311 in 1901, when £15,366 was set aside as an investment reserve fund, and with £601,205 in 1896, when the maximum of prosperity was obtained. Under the circumstances the members have every reason to be satisfied with the results obtained. Holders of endowment assurance policies receive the same as on the last occasion—namely, 2 per cent. for each annual premium paid—while in the case of whole-life contracts the distribution on the compound plan is on a somewhat higher scale than in either 1906 or 1901.

## THE WONDERFUL STORY OF A MACKEREL.

By W. H. HUDSON.

THE angler is ever a mighty spinner of yarns, but no sooner does he set about the telling than I, knowing him of old and accounting him not an unconscious but an unconscionable liar, begin (as Bacon hath it) "to droop and languish". Nor does the languishing end with the story if I am unhappily compelled to sit it out, for in that state I continue for some hours after. But oh! the difference when someone who is not an angler relates a fishing adventure! A plain truthful man who never dined at an anglers' club, nor knows that he who catches or tries to catch a fish must tell you something to astonish and fill you with envy and admiration. To a person of this description I am all attention, and however prosaic and even dull the narrative may be, it fills me with delight and sends me happy to bed and (still chuckling) to a refreshing sleep.

Accordingly, when one of the "commercials" in the coffee-room of the Plymouth hotel began to tell a wonderful story of a mackerel he once caught a very long time back, I immediately put down my pen so as to listen with all my ears. For he was about the last person one would have thought of associating with fish-catching—an exceedingly towny-looking person indeed, one who from his conversation appeared to know nothing outside of his business. He was past middle age—oldish-looking for a traveller—his iron-grey hair brushed well up to hide the baldness on top, disclosing a pair of large ears which stood out like handles; a hatchet face with parchment skin, antique side whiskers, and gold-rimmed glasses on his large beaky nose. He wore the whitest linen and blackest, glossiest broadcloth, a big black cravat, diamond stud in his shirt-front in the old fashion, and a heavy gold chain with a spade guinea attached. His get-up and general appearance, though ancient, or at all events mid-Victorian, proclaimed him a person of considerable importance in his vocation.

He had, he told us at starting, a very good customer at Bristol, perhaps the best he ever had; at any rate the one who had stuck longest to him, since what he was telling us happened about the year 1870. He went to Bristol expressly to see this man, expecting to get a good order from him, but when he arrived and saw the wife, and asked for her husband, she replied that he was away on his holiday with the two little boys. It was a great disappointment, for of course he couldn't get an order from her. Confound the woman! she was always against him: what she would have liked was to have half a dozen travellers dangling about her, so as to pit one against another and distribute the orders among them just as some flirty females distribute their smiles, instead of putting trust in one.

Where had her husband gone for his holiday, he asked; she said Weymouth and then was sorry she had let it out. But she refused to give the address. "No, no", she said; "he's gone to enjoy himself and mustn't be reminded of business till he gets back."

However, he resolved to follow him to Weymouth on the chance of finding him there, and accordingly took the next train to that place. And, he added, it was lucky for him that he did so, for he very soon found him with his boys on the front, and in spite of what she said it was not with this man as it was with so many others who refuse to do business when away from the shop. On the contrary, at Weymouth he secured the best order this man had given him up to that time; and it was because he was away from his wife, who had always contrived to be present at their business meetings and was very interfering and made her husband too cautious in buying.

It was early in the day when this business was finished. "And now", said the man from Bristol, who was in a sort of gay holiday mood, "what are you going to do with yourself for the rest of the day?"

He answered that he was going to take the next train back to London. He had finished with Weymouth—there was no other customer there.

Here he digressed to tell us that he was a beginner at



that time at the salary of a pound a week and fifteen shillings a day for travelling expenses. He thought this a great thing at first; when he heard what he was to get he walked about on air all day long, repeating to himself, "Fifteen shillings a day for expenses!" It was incredible; he had been poor, earning about five shillings a week, and now he had suddenly come into this splendid fortune. It wouldn't be much to him now! He began by spending quite recklessly, and in a short time discovered that the fifteen shillings didn't go far; now he had come to his senses and had to practise a rigid economy. Accordingly, he thought he would save the cost of a night's lodging and go back to town. But the Bristol man was anxious to keep him and said he had engaged a man and boat to go fishing with the boys,—why couldn't he just engage a bedroom for the night and spend the afternoon with them?

After some demur he consented, and took his bag to a modest Temperance Hotel, where he secured a room, and then protesting that he had never caught a fish or seen one caught in his life, he got into the boat and was taken out into the bay where he was to have his first and only experience of fishing. Perhaps it was no great thing, but it gave him something to remember all his life.

After a while his line began to tremble and move about in an extraordinary way with sudden little tugs which were quite startling, and on pulling it in he found he had a mackerel on his hook. He managed to get it into the boat all right and was delighted at his good luck, and still more at the sight of the fish, shining like silver and showing the most beautiful colours. He had never seen anything so beautiful in his life! Later, the same thing happened again with the line and a second mackerel was caught, and altogether he caught three. His friend also caught a few, and after a most pleasant and exciting afternoon they returned to the town well pleased with their sport. His friend wanted him to take a share of the catch, and after a little persuasion he consented to take one, and he selected the one he had caught first, just because it was the first fish he had ever caught in his life and it had looked more beautiful than any other, so would probably taste better.

Going back to the hotel he called the maid and told her he had brought in a mackerel which he had caught for his tea, and ordered her to have it prepared. He had it boiled and enjoyed it very much, but on the following morning when the bill was brought to him he found that he had been charged two shillings for fish.

"Why, what does this item mean?" he exclaimed. "I've had no fish in this hotel except a mackerel which I caught myself and brought back for my tea, and now I'm asked to pay two shillings for it! Just take the bill back to your mistress and tell her the fish was mine—I caught it myself in the Bay yesterday afternoon."

The girl took it up, and by and by returned and said her mistress had consented to take threepence off the bill as he had provided the fish himself.

"No", he said indignantly, "I'll have nothing off the bill, I'll pay the full amount", and pay it he did in his anger, then went off to say goodbye to his friend, to whom he related the case.

His friend being in the same sportive humour as on the previous day, burst out laughing and made a good deal of fun over the matter.

That, he said, was the whole story of how he went fishing and caught a mackerel and what came of it. But it was not quite all, for he went on to tell us that he still visited Bristol regularly to receive big and ever bigger orders from that same old customer of his, whose business had gone on increasing ever since; and invariably after finishing their business his friend remarks in a casual sort of way, "By the way, old man, do you remember that mackerel you caught at Weymouth which you had for tea and were charged two shillings for?" Then he laughs just as heartily as if it had only happened yesterday, and I leave him in a good humour and say to myself, "Now I'll hear no more about that blessed mackerel till I get round to Bristol again in three months' time".

"How long ago did you say it was since you caught the mackerel?" I inquired.

"About forty years."

"Then", I said, "it was a very lucky fish for you—worth more perhaps than if a big diamond had been found in its belly. The man had got his joke—the one joke of his life perhaps, and was determined to stick to it, and that kept him faithful to you in spite of his wife's wish to distribute their orders among a lot of travellers."

He replied that I was perhaps right and that it had turned out a lucky fish for him. But his old customer, though his business was big, was not so important to him now when he had big customers in most of the large towns in England, and he thought it rather ridiculous to keep up that joke so many years.

## "DE HAUT EN BAS."

BY WALTER HOGG.

IT has been positively asserted that the death of John Keats was hastened by two reviews of his poems unfavourable to the point of ferocity. We know now that this is not true; nor is it probable. There is no youthful poet, whether of the early nineteenth or any other century, but would feel himself flattered when two of the leading reviews concerned themselves with him for a matter of a dozen pages. It was in vain that they counselled him to go back to his gallipots: they themselves had effectually drawn him away. If they had but known they might have wounded him in a far worse way and escaped the denunciations of "Adonais" and the sneers of generations of critics who had the good luck to come after the poet's fame had been established. They might have written "'Endymion' shows evidence of considerable talent, which", etc., etc., or "This is the work of a young man which, in spite of its defects, has a certain promise", etc. They might even have said they would look forward with interest to Mr. Keats' further efforts to vary the monotony of the apothecary's business. Keats might well have broken a blood-vessel over such compliments as these; but the actual reviews probably left him as complacent as they found him.

There are certain words of unimpeachable antecedents which have acquired irritating connotations. Used by A concerning B, they imply that A regards B with kindly but condescending approval. A looks on B, in short, "de haut en bas". Of such is the word "worthy". "Our worthy Mayor", "the worthy alderman"—hearing these phrases it is borne in on us that the mayor once kept a shop and the alderman drops his "h's". There are no "worthy" bishops or "worthy" generals. Then there is the word "intelligent". It may seem strange that if you desire to alienate the good wishes of a proletariat audience you can do so effectively by telling them that they are intelligent working men. Yet so it is: and Mr. Crooks has left on record his indignation with a bishop who told him that he seemed an intelligent man of his class. "Painstaking" again implies a certain depreciation: it would be the opinion of the person so labelled that but for politeness you would have said "plodding". Now "plodding" is the unforgivable epithet. "Considerable" in this connexion does not really mean considerable. "A man of considerable ability", "a scene of considerable power"—we all know what these expressions mean. And the phrase already cited, "a poet of considerable talent", is a favourite with reviewers and has caused exquisite discomfort to the authors of many unsuspected masterpieces. There was a controversy some time ago between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Ure which has not yet passed from the public memory. It reminded us of the vigorous personalities of a more virile age. Yet it may be doubted whether the Lord Advocate was so uncomfortable during its progress as was Mr. Shaw Lefevre when the same polite adversary described him in the House of Commons as "innocuous".

That these epithets are sometimes chosen with intent to annoy is unfortunately beyond doubt. There is an infinite number of ways in which seemingly innocent language may be made to convey subtle depreciation



or even insult. The newspaper correspondent (angry indeed but determined to be calm) who refers to an adversary as "an individual describing himself as James Smith" is stabbing with a fine stiletto: and James Smith will feel the stab, though the name was in part inherited and in part given to him by his parents or other responsible persons at his baptism. But the offending words are, on the other hand, often used by people who are innocent of any intention to offend. It is the hardest thing in this world for a man who has been a superior to forget the fact. Therefore if A has been under B and B has been accustomed to patronise A, then although A should rise to the same level as B, B will probably retain the patronising tone. He will retain it even if A's distinction has been won in other fields than those in which they have jointly been labouring. Confronted with A's poem, or novel, or flying-machine, he always appears to be covertly expressing his opinion that for a man in A's position the performance is most creditable. It is the saving phrase here that matters most, and B is like the commentator who finds it marvellous not that Balaam's ass speaks well, but that Balaam's ass speaks. Therefore the editor of a Greek poet will sooner unreservedly praise the emendations that a previous editor has made in the text than will the officer who has come into the army through Sandhurst praise without mental reservation the officer who has risen from the ranks, or a high official in the Civil Service a lower official in the same, or a University man a man who has picked up what he knows at elementary schools and University extension classes. The distinction founded upon may be a shadowy one; but it is real enough to him who holds it: and to forget it is a stretch of magnanimity of which not many are capable.

Of course superiority is asserted or asserts itself most readily in matters of social intercourse, and it is in these that patronage expressed or implied is most galling. For you may impugn a man's morals and he will not be much perturbed: you may hint that his understanding is defective and he will forgive you; but if you tell him that he is underbred or that his social status is low, he will turn and rend you. And men will tell each other these things under the guise of compliments. There is nothing wrong—nay, there is much that is flattering—in the description "an honest man": yet the word honest has gained the same unfortunate connotations as the word intelligent, and no one would welcome it for himself, though one might gladly pass it on to a poor neighbour. There is a certain village in Scotland wherein there were two clergymen of different denominations. They quarrelled over the question of disestablishment, and the minister of the Established Church said some hard things about the minister of the United Presbyterian Church. But the latter contented himself that his adversary's father would never have stooped so low—"I knew him well", he said, beamingly, "he was a very honest Kirkintilloch shoemaker". It was commonly thought that this stroke was hardly within the rules of the game, but that it was cruelly effective. Yet here again the attitude of superiority is often quite unconsciously assumed and is remarked (and resented) in people who think that they have laid it aside for the occasion. Mayfair introduced to the social amenities of Clapham has, in spite of itself, the air of a man with a microscope who is examining the domestic arrangements of an anthill or a beehive. Clapham's denizens no doubt do well to cultivate the social graces, yet Mayfair, though it feigns a polite interest, cannot but think the exhibition ever so little ridiculous. "Quite nice"—another innocent expression of sinister import—are the words that come readiest to its tongue. And the worst of it is that Clapham sees all this more clearly than Mayfair. In one of Balzac's novels we are introduced to a company made up of journalists, lawyers, wealthy tradesmen, ladies of easy life, and one grand seigneur—Duc or Marquis. Now Balzac reverences the grand seigneur of his own creation more than anything else on earth. He is overawed by him as Shakespeare was by Julius

Cæsar. To this company presently enters another Duc or Marquis, and the two great men greet each other by a slight gesture. This gesture, says Balzac, expressed this sentiment, "We are each other's equals: nous nous valons", and he adds that the grands seigneurs reserve this expressive language for each other, and that it is the despair of the bourgeois spirituel. Again, Balzac introduces one of his journalists to an aristocratic coterie, which is not superior, but which flatters and makes much of him, and he comes away exclaiming with many impolite expressions that now he knows why Robespierre wished to guillotine those people. The author of the "Comédie Humaine" perceived that it is only to a man who has attained a certain rung in the social ladder that these exquisite shades of difference are perceptible. The gesture of the grand seigneur would have meant nothing to the bourgeois who was not spirituel. It is only that section of Clapham which desires to model itself on Mayfair that finds Mayfair's condescending approval intolerable.

#### ENCOURAGING ENGLISH MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MOST of my readers must have heard of Brighton, a place situated on the South coast. Owing either to the enterprise of the local authorities or to some better cause, a stream of brackish water has been induced to flow in front—I allude to the English Channel; at the rear and on the flanks of the town the remaining portions of England are permitted to exist. Two piers jut out into the Channel and a plentiful supply of groynes and breakwaters hinders the water from washing away the accumulations of pebbles and gravel that serve for a beach. Brighton, in a word, is wholly admirable to those who admire it; thousands of its admirers find their way there every summer; and the day after their arrival they don't know what the deuce to do to kill time. You cannot sit on loose pebbles for ever—nor indeed for a much shorter period than that; the joys of strolling up and down an esplanade soon wane; the pleasure of being romped above the beach in an electric car is also transient. Of course you can get in boats—and go away from Brighton; you can take tram or you may cycle and walk into the surrounding country—and this too is to go away from Brighton; you may swim—and this again is to leave Brighton, for a shorter or longer period, according to your skill and strength as a swimmer, and to your luck. Occasionally a bather does not return—at least not alive. I do not believe a jury has ever returned a verdict of wilful suicide in such a case; but the fact remains that the fate of the drowned has often awaked envy in those who wished to remain in Brighton and yet to find life endurable.

If such is the state of affairs now, what must it have been in the dark days before someone discovered a partial remedy for the Brighton ennui? That partial remedy—it is not a cure—is music. What with at least one excellent band, half-a-dozen middling ones, two or three very bad ones, some pierrots and a decayed nigger troupe, Brighton may be said to be well provided with music. Everything possible is done to encourage and support it. A rumour that the town council or corporation recently passed a bye-law prohibiting the stormy winds from blowing or rain from falling during concerts on the piers or in the public gardens seems to be without much foundation. Still, there is a municipal band—which is more than London possesses—and facilities are given to the others. I love not music in restaurants or theatres or any place where the bustle of crowds worries the ear; but at Brighton I listened to promenade concerts in some cases with a little wincing but mostly with genuine pleasure; and it occurred to me that Messrs. Newman and Wood might learn something there. If they apply to me I will gladly tell them how to reach Brighton, even when a railway strike is in progress, and, what is more important, how to get home again in like circumstances. In the meantime let me indicate the nature of the lesson to be learnt.

No one in perfect possession of his faculties would ask them to divert the Thames from its channel to lap the doorsteps of Queen's Hall and cool the interior air. Nor could they be expected to remove the hall to the seaside nor Sir Henry Wood and his men to blacken their faces and try their luck on the beach. In truth it is because the Brighton concerts are interesting and successful in spite of Brighton being at the seaside, and in spite of all the disadvantages seaside concerts are subject to, that a lesson of any value at all can be deduced. To hold an audience at all amidst such surroundings is no insignificant feat, and indeed requires a high degree of skill. The almost irrepressible Cockney tendency towards inane chatter and giggling is as hard to repress on a pier as at a London oratorio concert; the roar of billows must be contended with—and I assure the reader that at the stormier moments of one day last week there were waves positively measuring not less than four inches from the trough to the crest. Flying machines at times distract one's attention. Yet the bands keep their audiences. How the pierrots and niggers prosper I cannot say, for, truth to tell, I have never stayed long enough at any seaside resort to become educated up to them and I always fly them. But the performances where really good, genuine music is given certainly prosper and the reasons are twain: first, we find straight, honest, skilful playing with a continuous high level of beautiful tone and no antics nor endeavours after new readings on the part of conductors; and second, there is everlasting variety in the programmes. I looked through some dozens of these and was surprised to find how much music, ranging from the gravest character to the most light-hearted, which had been composed or effectively arranged for comparatively small bands. At Queen's Hall, with a huge orchestra, one of the finest in the world, a small number of pieces, and those offering no great variety, are played again and again, as though the band were a gigantic mule for ever condemned to turn a tedious mill.

That is the lesson Messrs. Newman and Wood should go to Brighton to be taught. Let them shut up their hall for a week, take train or motor-car to Brighton, and return both merrier and wiser men. Let them perceive the advantage of giving a rest to the eternal Tschaiakowsky, Debussy and Strauss piffle: let them realise, if they needs must stick to these composers, that even Tschaiakowsky wrote more than half-a-dozen works and not all in the same strain. Virtually only three compositions of Tschaiakowsky are ever given at the Proms: the Pathetic symphony (and its variants), the Casse Noisette suite (and its variants), the "1812" overture, of which, happily, there are no variants. And our London entrepreneur and his conductor might notice another point. A fairly large proportion of English music is played at Brighton, some of it for the first time. In fact it would not astonish me to find that more new and old English music had been given there than in London during the last ten years. I should like to know how it pays. Here we are always told that native art spells Shakespeare—or, to use another word, Ruin; yet by the seashore, and often upon it, Ruin does not appear imminent. Would it be different here? Are London audiences more impatient and less patriotic than the London people that form Brighton audiences? Is the fact that Sir Edward Elgar can almost earn a respectable living by composition due to the enthusiasm of the provinces and did London merely accept him after the provinces had rendered him independent of London? I don't believe it.

It must be quite clear that the fault lies with the concert-providers, and not with the concert-goers, of London. In the ancient days I could understand Sir Augustus Harris' constant remark that he was not interested in opera for the sake of his health; I could always understand the remarks passed by Mr. Harry Higgins to the effect that much as he would like to struggle on behalf of opera, he was unable to do anything effective because etc.; I cannot understand the Newman-Wood attitude. They always proclaimed that they were going to do great things for music: in Mr. Newman's circulars and in their spoken utterances it

was proclaimed. And now that they have come to power they are doing nothing. Indeed they are doing less than nothing. They are doing on the minus side. There is a work of which I have no very high opinion, Mr. Holbrooke's variations on "Three blind mice". It is miraculously clever; there is a lot of a curious sort of undeterminable colour in it; but I can see no reason why it should have been written. Still, there it is, a work of art or an attempt at a work of art: a thing worked through from beginning to end with an artistic purpose. And what does Sir Henry do with it? It is announced on the programme as Mr. Holbrooke's work, and Sir Henry, without consulting the composer, calmly, or in wrath—but in either case, as I must emphasise, without consulting the composer—cuts out a good half. That is the way the Queen's Hall combination is encouraging English music. They had far better leave English music alone.

In a future article I will have some comments to pass on the novelties, English and foreign, as they are given; but just now it is the general policy at Queen's Hall that calls for criticism. Apparently that policy is mainly Sir Henry's, for at the Norwich festival, of which he is conductor, the same line of cutting out all novelties is being resolutely, relentlessly followed. What on earth is the use of these provincial festivals if they are not to serve for the production of new works? I don't say the new works are ever of great value; but if the idea is only to give familiar stuff again and again with a view of getting in money for hospitals, then I say the affairs should be called charity, and not musical, festivals. They were formerly artistic frauds, and now they are ceasing to any pretence of art and becoming openly and honestly commercial. They needed reformation by cutting out the fraud, and Sir Henry is reforming them by cutting out the art. It is tragic to see a musician's artistic soul gradually destroyed by the mercenary spirit.

#### IN PRAISE OF FOLLY.

BY JOHN PALMER.

THE foolish or horse laugh must be as old as decency; for once we had that idea of decency it was open to any ancient Rabelais rudely to unveil the natural man, showing him with gusty laughter as one whose first problem is to keep clean. Who invented laughter? There must surely have been a man who one day was terrified to find himself laughing. The first joke was probably coarser than anything in Rabelais or Shakespeare, without a hint of the wonderful delicate thing laughter was going to be. Or perhaps it was merely foolish. Someone fell upon his head; and, seeing the world for the first time upside down, felt himself mysteriously shaken. The first laugh was, at any rate, in one way magnificent. However foolish or vulgar we might think it in these refined days of artistic vaudeville, it was an act of splendid courage—the first real challenge of circumstance. The foolish old stars might move to their appointed end; but they had lost a great part of their terror, once we had read them, if only for a moment, upside down. The Gallic laugh of Molière, clean from the head, an act of judgment; Shakespeare's deeper note; the decay and fall of laughter in ages of disillusion, where nothing is really solemn, and nothing therefore really laughable—these were all in the laugh of the first man who roared foolishly to find his feet in the air, and the solid earth carpeting his head. One wonders what happened to the man who first found the dull portentous world turn suddenly to folly. His first instinct would be to share the joke with someone; we have not yet learned to resist the impulse. One pictures the whole world standing on its head testing the new sensation, a little frightened at its own audacity.

The figure of folly in its primitive kind, before it had grown to wit or humour, takes shape to-day in the motley of the Pierrot. One sees him on the sea beach foolishly spotted, and in loose trousers, centre and cynosure of a laughing ring. Once you have conquered natural fastidious distaste of the litter sprawling upon



a modern sea front, you are free to meditate upon the strangeness of it all. Little piers running out into the jaws of the water, machines and tents for the bathers, tiny booths and platforms from which seaside mummers laugh a livelihood out of a public crazy for diversion—these small mean things framed by the sea have the manner of an impudent stare. The tide flicking tiny waves on to the shore with such sinister reserve of power, permissive of the mummery, is the complement of the picture. For the merriment of the Pierrot and his crowd is an implicit defiance of any storm that may come up out of the water. In pure fulness of blood they stand feet uppermost, challenging all that would keep their noses to the stone. Their laughter is in despite of the wise lean years. It comes from the will to be vacant and foolish, to laugh without reason, because life is very solemn and a pilgrimage.

If in London you would find this folly of the Pierrot you may have it sifted to its best at the Apollo Theatre. The chief virtue of Mr. Pélissier and his comrades is that they understand themselves. They do not claim to be "humourists" or "comic artists"; they call themselves "Follies". They do not pretend to be witty; or to pierce the evils of the time with satire. They claim merely to give us in their company the primitive pleasure of being foolish, of laughing loudly with no more reason than that we are tired of being solemn. The drawback is that one has to make a special journey to find them. We must in advance intend to be foolish for a given time. Folly comes best as offered by the Pierrot on the sea beach. You pass by, and are caught unawares. A sudden impulse to live for half-an-hour delighted with nothing, to waste the moment simply because it is precious, takes and throws you as a fool into the lap of folly. You need not be taken with the jests of a seaside Pierrot. His jests are typical merely of any sudden tickling into full-bodied laughter to which you may by constitution be prone, the need to laugh immoderately not for quality of the jest, but for the mere need to waste your breath. These moments come best of themselves. Seeking them you risk a catastrophe. But you are safe, if the mood be right, with Mr. Pélissier. For Mr. Pélissier is so obviously determined to be foolish in all that he does, and to enjoy his folly, that the contagion is bound to seize you, if only you will meet him half-way.

If the "Follies" took themselves seriously, one would feel compelled to criticise them, to weigh their new programme with the old, to congratulate them on this or that fresh piece of tuneful or ingenious foolery. Any criticism of the kind would simply mean that in visiting the Follies you were the wrong sort of fool to be let in. Mr. Pélissier gives a general invitation to his friends to come and romp with him. If only the stage were big enough, he would probably drop the practice of putting you into stalls and boxes where the most you can do is to romp with him in idea. He would invite you to join bodily in the game yourself. Certainly you must not be so foolish as to imagine that because you are sitting aloof, as though you were witnessing a performance, you have no real part in the fun. On the contrary, if you do not want to play, leave the building. It would be merely stupid to stay and criticise the game in which your own share is so extremely important.

Perhaps I might mention some of the games in which you are expected to join. First, you play at being sentimental. It is a very good game when you are not allowed to take it too seriously; and Mr. Pélissier at once exacts a forfeit from anyone who does. I remember a most delightful game we used to play at the "Apollo" when we sang a wonderfully sentimental ditty to a moon as big as Piccadilly Circus. There is a new game now very nearly as good: it is about a mole and a butterfly. But the best games are the imitations. There is only one thing I don't quite like. Mr. Pélissier still insists on dressing up like a woman. This is unfair. He gets a good deal more of the fun than he deserves; and he gets it far too cheaply. Many of us have vowed more than once not to play with him any more unless he promises not to do it again.

Another very good game is when Mr. Lewis Sidney lies, and we all pretend to believe him. But does the game really matter very much? Anything will do so long as we ourselves are in fettle.

The success of the Follies with the people of London is a happy portent. The enjoyment of these performances is quite unaffected; it seems that we can still play in simple honesty. There is to-day a dishonest sort of playing, a pretended relish for the things of childhood—the play of the spoiled child who always has half a glance to the notice he is exciting. There is in fact an hypocrisy of frivolity, as of virtue. See, say these hypocrites, how simple at heart we still can be, how sweetly we unbend, consenting to be amused as though the world were still young and we the children of Arcadia. You do not find this counterfeit at the Apollo Theatre. The laughter there is in quality the old horse laugh of the man who made the first primæval joke; and there is no pretence of its being anything wiser or more serious than it really is. Therefore, when the evening is done, give a thought to this unknown primitive man who, before the discovery of laughter, first found and shared a joke with his fellows. With him we have this evening been knit in a common defiance of the years, too swift in passing for anyone less audacious than man to dare them with his folly.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE ABROAD.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

THE greatest bookselling success of the past season seems to have been "Marie-Claire". The novel had gone through nearly seventy editions when the vacation began, and, as publishers say, there was still life in it. The present writer begs permission to express his satisfaction at this remarkable success. He has been very anxious that the work should not be regarded as a masterpiece or even an exceptionally good book, but he never objected, far from it, to its circulation, and he rejoices at it as much as the author herself.

However, it is a subject of special delight to him that "Marie-Claire" has been largely appreciated and bought out of France. It is a curious fact that a considerable current of French literature has its own individual existence abroad and quite apart from that which a native may be apt—if he has no opportunity for travelling or for approaching specialists—to regard as the only one. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of French books are bought, read, reviewed, and discussed by millions of people in Italy, England, America, Germany, Russia, Egypt, and the Levant, in an atmosphere extremely different from that in which they were produced and in which they seem to acquire a new life. You may travel for weeks in countries where every cultivated person reads French like his own language, and only exceptionally meet a point of view approximating that natural to yourself. The admiration for such a book as "Marie-Claire", or for the ponderous intricate novels of M. Paul Adam, or for the interminable "Jean-Christophe" series, the worshipping of M. Maeterlinck's false prophecy, the jeune fille point of view in appreciating M. René Bazin, the deep reverence in speaking of a fuliginous dramatist like M. Claudel, are all surprising and gradually irritating to a Frenchman. He is aware of differences between himself and his own countrymen on literary subjects, but they are differences of appreciation not of principles, and they do not work upon him in the same way. The idea that French books live a separate individual life away from their native soil strikes him as a piece of disobedience to canons which he considers infallible, and as a manifestation of undue independence which ought to be repressed and which he resents more than indifference.

Sometimes the success of a new book abroad can be explained by immediate causes, as the subject, or allusions, or merely the inconsiderate booming of it by critics living in a narrow Parisian circle, apt to take the opinion of their chief authority as Gospel word, and managing by some luck to persuade their readers that



the recent volume is universally hailed as a masterpiece. But this explanation can hardly be accepted when classical or semi-classical literature is in question, and it is a fact that the foreign lover of French literature has his own classics which are not those with which our education makes us familiar. An Englishman who really enjoys Racine is even more exceptional than a Frenchman who enjoys Shakespeare without deliberate application. Charlotte Brontë could not bear him. Many a university man who preserves a taste for Greek or Latin works more or less akin to the French dramatist will, however, acknowledge frankly that he does not read him and, when properly examined, will admit that he prefers by far Victor Hugo or even Baudelaire. So that the author who for the last forty years has been supposed to be the embodiment of French genius and French taste does not appeal in the least to foreigners who are honestly in love with the French language and the French spirit. Conversely many English readers remain loyal to George Sand, who is almost forgotten in France, and, when they take to Balzac, prefer works like "*La Peau de Chagrin*", which I confess I have never been able to finish or even to begin properly—so tedious the first hundred pages are—and they ignore "*César Birotteau*". I dare not affirm, but I am strongly inclined to believe that these peculiarities would be found even in Matthew Arnold. In fact, the weight of criticism which generally is of decisive importance when books of the day are at issue counts little with works really belonging to literary history. The taste a foreigner shows in his choice of French books is exclusively his native taste, and may help to realise his true intellectual tendencies better than anything else.

Now, here is a curious contradiction. It will generally be found that the type of living and talking Frenchman preferred abroad—especially in England—is not the serious variety created by romanticism, by German philosophy, and by historical or economic researches, and exemplifying some of the outstanding traits of the nineteenth century; but his witty and vivacious predecessor of Voltaire's time, with more cleverness than real intelligence and the love of gracefulness paramount in him. His gravity ought not to exceed much the measure of diplomatic gravity. On the contrary, the books, modern or ancient, which the Englishman prefers are almost invariably tinged with romanticism, and must be a distinct departure from the classical type. A long list could be given ranging from Victor Hugo to Verlaine and Madame de Noailles. If you ask for an explanation I will merely say that the Englishman when he talks loves to be amused or even occasionally dazzled; but, when he reads, uncritical and spontaneous as he generally has the good fortune to be, he is guided by deeper tendencies which he does not think of analysing, and he naturally seeks imagination and sentiment.

It would be interesting to inquire how the French appreciate English literature. The idea, for many years, was that they did not appreciate it at all, as a knowledge of the English language was an astonishing rarity in France. That the French knew no English is only too true; that they had no notion of the English literature is a hasty inference. From the early years of the eighteenth century we find numerous translations not only of writers like Swift or Fielding, but of authors known to-day only to the specialists. For more than fifty years in the nineteenth century the "*Revue Britannique*" gave access to every English book worth knowing. Dickens is familiar, and Walter Scott has been so much retranslated, read, quoted, and referred to that he is practically naturalised. In the last three or four years it is no exaggeration to say that, in spite of the daily increasing study of the English language, the magazines and newspapers have published more translations of English fiction than original works. One has only to take a few newspapers at random to realise this fact.

Does it follow that English literature is becoming in France what French literature has been so long in England? Unfortunately not. Apart from a handful of scholars and a few readers who, through exceptional

circumstances, have found it necessary or easy to reason out their knowledge, the French are not clear about their English preferences. You will not unfrequently meet people who will tell you simply that they like a translation from an English novel best, hardly ever one reader capable of naming a real favourite. Yet all the reviews print studies on the chief English writers, there are frequent lectures on the same subject, and the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw are commented upon ex professo at the Sorbonne. The average reader only knows that an English library is a mine of interesting, though occasionally longish, romances.

As to people with literary pretensions, they either repeat what they hear or retail Taine's "*History of English Literature*". Taine is supposed to have made mistakes in everything except in his judgments on English literature, and his very omissions are regarded as having a meaning. Yet the book is full of mistakes and woefully incomplete. I have no doubt that the disregard by the French of "*Vanity Fair*", which is more a French than an English novel, is due mostly to Taine's incredibly shallow criticism of the book. There are not fifty people in France capable of reading the "*History of English Literature*" critically.

Brunetière was regarded by many as an authority on English literature because one of his most famous articles was that on George Eliot, which had given him an opportunity for his decisive attack against realism. I was amazed the first time I met him to hear him say that Macaulay—"ce Carlyle du pauvre" as a journalist called him the other day, not altogether justly—was the greatest intellect that England had produced in the nineteenth century. The misconception came straight from Taine, who began his history—it ought to be known—not with Chaucer, but with Macaulay, whose style of composing and writing was remarkably similar to his own and whom in consequence he was apt to overrate. What Brunetière did in good faith, thousands do in perfect innocence, and it will be the same thing as long as a history of English literature both accurate and readable does not supersede the brilliant sketches of Taine.

## A STATION IN LIFE.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT is considered unfashionable now—nay, even irreligious—to refer to class distinctions. Modern social doctrine, like Canute sitting before the unchanging sea, has said to human nature, "Be different; let all men be alike in capacity, in strength, in taste, and in wisdom". Human nature refuses to obey; the distinctions remain; and there are to-day in England, as there have been since the dawn of the commercial age, three main classes: the upper, the middle, and the lower. Some slight change has indeed been wrought; the old close yew hedges that formerly divided one class from another in England have not survived; here they have perished from old age, there they have been broken and trampled down, and both here and there been replaced by open wire fences, through which the classes can observe each other, become familiar with each other's lives and habits, and to some extent hold communication with each other. The result has been a slight change in the composition of each group. There have been interchange and trespass, and, as a consequence of this, a certain amount of jealousy has been set up—each class envying, or affecting to envy, something that the other has got. And somehow a bitterness has crept in between them; for the only result of the attempt to abolish the distinctions has been to increase the differences.

It is usual to throw the blame of jealousy on the lower classes; to accuse them in a wholesale manner of wishing to rob the pocket of the rich man. This idea, be it noted, never came from the lower classes, it was put into their heads by mischief-makers of the middle class. Is it really true of the lower classes, this desire to be pirates on the upper? I do not believe

it. But is it not at least possible that the upper classes have betrayed something very like jealousy of the lower classes? Have some of our readers not heard, in the last week or two, on the lips of people who should have known better, bitter references to "those fellows"; "villains"; "a good thing to hang a few of them"; "why can't they be put in prison?"; "should be shot down like dogs"; and this in reference, not to hooligans and agitators, but to the usually steady and hard-working railway servant? I do not say that the most sensible members of the upper class would use or even listen to such language; but it has certainly been heard on the lips of some of the more thoughtless members of the upper classes who fail to realise, not only how very silly, but how very dangerous and disloyal to the established order of things such talk is. It is just as much an outrage on what one may call the social constitution as the talk of a mob orator who should suggest the ransacking of ducal palaces. It is exactly the same kind of thing, only worse, because the mob orator may know no better, while people of the upper class ought to know a great deal better. Both utterances are an indication of class jealousy; for there are people in the upper class who seriously believe that the working men are going to get everything into their hands, and grind the unhappy rich under their heels. What is really happening is that they are both being played upon by the clever demagogue of the middle class, who knows right well that by setting them at enmity with each other he will profit in the end; and while my lord and his hind are using high words over the fence some money-lender in the far background is growing richer every day. The ideal economic position of the middle class is, I imagine, a link between the upper and the lower; it is supposed to contain the weighty and stalwart virtues of the country; most writers, artists, and professional men come from some one of its many divisions; but in the hands of the demagogue it may be used, not as a link, but as a wedge driven farther and farther in between those ancient friends, the property-holder and the labourer, until it has split them asunder utterly and absorbed them both.

Any talk such as the extreme sentences I have quoted is especially unjust with regard to railway men. They have always been on the best personal terms with the upper classes; theirs is a work which combines labour for the public with personal service of a comparatively intimate kind; they are brought into daily and visible contact with the public; at heart they are our friends; both sides know it, and in the daily routine of life show it. The old feudal relationship of landlord and tenant—the former personnel of the upper and lower classes—is fast vanishing; and its place has been taken by the aristocracy and upper class—what the men themselves would call "swells"—on the one hand, and this great army of workers and public servants on the other. These two classes have always been friends and have always understood each other; they are much closer to one another than the middle class is to either of them; they are both fixed, and have nothing in which to be jealous of one another. An ignorant cynic might say of the upper and lower classes that the one has nothing to wish for and the other nothing to hope for, and that they are thus distinguished from the middle class, which hopes to rise upwards on the one hand and fears to sink downwards on the other. At any rate, this natural alliance between the upper and lower classes is a fact, and the dislike and mistrust of the lower class for the middle class, or for the mere capitalist, is also a fact. The reasons are largely historical, but not wholly; and it seems to me an extraordinarily foolish thing for the members of the upper class, at a moment when their position is being threatened and attacked, to run the risk of alienating the sympathies of their natural allies in the working classes, and of bringing on themselves the odium that the mere capitalist has hitherto incurred. The infusion into the upper class of so large a number of rich tradesmen, and the increase of the commercial element in society generally, is probably the main cause of this silly and, I think, ignorant attitude towards working people on the part of the upper class. The natural

sympathy between good land-holders and the peasantry is largely replaced by the natural antipathy between the commercial employer and the employed when commerce is run on Cobdenite principles, which destroy social responsibility between the two. In this case the employer is to the workman merely a source of wages, and the workman to the employer merely a source of labour; each to be squeezed to the benefit of the other. There is no reason why there should be antipathy between real working people and the upper classes; such antipathy is only fostered either through the fault of the upper classes themselves or by the crafty agitation of the demagogue. Certainly it is useless for the aristocracy to look for any support from the bulk of the middle classes, who are much farther away from them in thought and feeling than are the lower classes; they have their own axes to grind, and they have an inborn jealousy of the class above them.

Here, you may say, is a great deal of talk about classes; but it is still *à propos* of the railway strike; and the very railways themselves recognise and make provision for this great distinction of mankind into classes one, two and three. It is all (still to use railway terms) a matter of one's station in life. It has been customary to mock at that old-fashioned English idea of doing one's duty "in that station of life to which it hath pleased God" to call one. But the mockery, the outcome of a quite healthy and youthful flood of criticism that the latter part of the nineteenth century poured on our institutions, was a little hasty. A station in life, far from being a thing to be despised and to be got out of as quickly as possible, has been the mainstay of England's peace and prosperity at some of her best moments. Wherever you find a true station in life, you find happiness and well-being. The truly unhappy are those who have no station in life, no moorings at which they can lie at peace in calm weather and ride out the storms; who must drift about at the mercy of currents, run for shelter when it begins to blow, or keep steaming against wind and tide if they are to hold their place in the world at all. They are the unhappy people; and unhappy people in any society are dangerous. It is the upper and the lower classes that are the great conservers of the station in life; the peace of both is founded upon it, and in the preservation of that peace they should find alliance and not discord.

#### SOME GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE.

##### A ROYALIST FROM THE ROUSSILLON.

JOHN II. of Aragon was the first Spanish King who surrendered the Roussillon to France in mortgage to Louis XI. for the repayment of 300,000 crowns. The King of France foreclosed when the debt was not paid, but his son Charles VIII. followed the advice of his confessor and restored it to Ferdinand of Aragon on the understanding that he would not afford any help to Naples. As this promise was not fulfilled the county remained "debatable land" until it was finally absorbed into the French monarchy on Louis XIV.'s marriage to the Infanta Maria Teresa of Spain. Hence it is that the people have down to the present day preserved some of their Spanish characteristics, and some of their gentry owe their titles to the time when they were under the Kings of Spain. They are, it is true, not the only Frenchmen who can still boast of the privileges of the Spanish grandee, which are unique amongst those enjoyed by the nobility of Europe. Thus a Spanish grandee can remain covered in the presence of his King and Queen whilst his wife can seat herself upon her tabouret when the rest of the Court remain standing. As it is, one of the first ceremonies observed when a new grandee is made or succeeds to the title is his "capping" in full Court. They belong to one large club which is confined to some five hundred Spanish families and have the privilege of addressing one another in the second person singular. The title itself is a matter of secondary importance and a Spanish gentleman who is at the same time a grandee is a much greater personage than a marquis who is not a grandee. In France before the Revolution and



under the Restoration those Frenchmen who were *grandeesh* of Spain took precedence at Court next after the "*Ducs et pairs*" and were addressed by the King as "my dear Cousin". In Spain however they must go through some formalities before they can be treated as *grandeesh*. Thus heavy fees have to be paid which rise according to the distance of the succession, and these fees may be still more increased where there has been undue delay in presenting the claim. Notwithstanding all this the honour is so highly prized that Spaniards who can claim several *grandeesh* which descend not only through the male but through the female line will willingly pay the fees several times over rather than allow one of the *grandeesh* to which they are entitled to be forfeited.

In some cases these *grandeesh* have been conferred upon foreigners as upon our own Duke of Wellington, who in Spain is the *Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo*; but in others they have been retained by the descendants of Spaniards who have either intermarried with Frenchmen or have become French in course of time. The Marquis de Guisantes' ancestors were Spaniards before 1659 when the Roussillon was absorbed into France. They have since then been loyal to the descendants of their Infante Maria Teresa and have never swerved in their devotion to the House of Bourbon. The eleventh Marquis emigrated in 1792 and fought in the Army of the Princes beyond the French frontier. He would have nothing to say to Napoleon, especially when he replaced Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. by his own brother in Spain; but although an old man followed the Duc d'Angoulême into Spain when he replaced Ferdinand VII. on the throne. His grandson is a man of great natural ability, who might under a monarchy have found an outlet for his talents. He first studied art with assiduity, but his erratic disposition prevented him from earning the success he might otherwise have acquired by consistent application. There can be no denying that he feels himself far more at home amongst the free and easy residents of the Quartier Latin than amongst his more formal neighbours in the Haute Garonne. This however does not prevent him from being absolutely uncompromising in his loyalty to his Religion and his King. As a young man he got into trouble for hissing one of the professors at the University of Toulouse who had made some very offensive remarks about his faith. He was immediately prosecuted for this heinous crime and sentenced by a tribunal which would stand no such nonsense to three months' imprisonment. They were forced to let him off as a first offender; but when he appealed against this ridiculous sentence he was clearly given to understand that the Court of Appeal might be able to withdraw his privilege and make him suffer the full penalty for his offence. He was so disgusted that he sought greater freedom in England, where he learnt to appreciate the benefits of a monarchy, and returned to France still more convinced than ever that his country would never be free or prosperous until it emancipated itself from the shackles of a Republic and returned to the faiths of its forefathers, both religious and political.

He deeply resented the violation of the Concordat implied in the separation of Church and State, and took the first opportunity which his return to France offered him of making his protest. He was arrested and this time imprisoned for his participation in a riot over the inventory of the property which his forefathers had given to his parish church. His sense of humour made him bear up under these adverse circumstances, whilst his genial disposition soon made him popular with his new surroundings. He rapidly earned the favour of the habitual criminals who were now his daily associates by drawing their portraits, and they in their turn showed him their gratitude by teaching him no less than thirty-six ways of picking pockets, an accomplishment which he has not yet found it necessary to practise outside the prison walls.

His whole political activity is now inspired by the "*Action Française*" and he refuses to have anything to say to those time-servers who talk of supporting a Progressive Republican in the alleged interests of the

Church. To him the Republic is anathema and must be fought by every weapon at his command. He knows far better than the Duc d'Orléans how to advance his cause, and whilst professing the most absolute loyalty to his person cares nothing for his counsel or even for his express orders. Moderation has been tried for too long and he believes only in violent methods. After all it was by these methods that the monarchies were themselves overturned in the past. He thoroughly sympathises with those "*Camelots du Roi*" who lose no opportunity of courting imprisonment when a President or a Minister may be insulted or his political faith vindicated. He also endorses the "*Action Française*" when it denounces the apathy of the Duc d'Orléans' entourage or clamours for a policy of action. He is firmly convinced that when the next war has given French officers an opportunity of showing their superiority to the men who now govern France they will rally to the support of the legitimate monarch.

His home is some twenty miles from Perpignan, that fine old fortress which has seen so many vicissitudes and belonged to so many masters. Situated as it is some twenty hours from Charing Cross on the main road to Barcelona, it can hardly be described as out of the way. Here it is that the Marquis de Guisantes continues to conspire with his friends and neighbours for the restoration of that legitimate monarchy which he in common with them is absolutely convinced is within the region of practical politics. True, his grandfather believed that the Comte de Chambord must succeed as Henri V. and his father pinned his faith to the restoration of the Comte de Paris. The unexpected has always happened in France, and therefore it must happen once more.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE DUTY OF UNIONISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 August 1911.

SIR,—It was my privilege recently to attend a garden party given in honour of the workers and their friends of the Divisional Conservative and Unionist Associations in West Sussex. The party was attended by over 1400 Unionists, representing every class in the Division, the majority being local farmers and working men, *pur et simple*. An address given in the course of the afternoon by the Member for the Division was enthusiastically received, as the political situation was earnestly reviewed, which had culminated the previous evening in the practical abolition of the Second Chamber, by the passing of the Parliament Bill, with the assistance of thirty-seven Unionist Peers and thirteen Bishops of varying degrees, and with the tacit assistance, through abstention from voting, of Lord Lansdowne and his followers. My object in addressing you is to record some of the impressions left upon my mind at the large gathering of Unionists on the occasion referred to. A feeling appeared to be abroad that the adverse criticisms on the Parliament Bill so ably put forward by its opponents in both Houses were futile *per se* unless supported by vigorous and combined action when the moment for giving effect to that criticism had arrived; in the recent crisis it was felt that the Unionists in the House of Lords had failed their party. What struck me most forcibly on this occasion was the serious, even solemn demeanour of the crowd as they listened to the various speakers. A feeling of despair, mixed with amazement, desperation and intense disgust, seemed to prevail as the political situation was revealed to the meeting. The action of the Opposition Leaders during the recent crisis could not be understood and was indignantly repudiated; a sense of betrayal was in the air. A question frequently asked, and which received no satisfactory or convincing reply, was: Is it constitutional, and why, for the Sovereign to accept the advice of his Ministers irrespective of the nature of that advice?

In this case the advice given—viz., to create an unlimited number of Peers for purely party purposes, if accepted, as it was, entailed the breaking up of the Constitution by the practical abolition of one of its component parts—viz., the House of Lords.



Could this have been avoided? Would it not have been more constitutional, and more in the best interests of the loyal and patriotic subjects of the King, and the country generally, if the King had thought fit to refuse the advice of his Ministers, dissolved Parliament, called upon the Opposition Leaders to endeavour to form a Government, and for them to have appealed to the country, *coûte que coûte*? It was argued that, although the appeal might not have been successful, the loyal portion of the electorate, who reverence the monarchy and its time-honoured institutions, would have had an opportunity now denied them of expressing their opinion by their votes at the polls, and thus giving every support that lay in their power to their King in his efforts to maintain his kingdom intact. These expressions of opinion on the recent crisis appear to be reasonable and just, the British public like to be given a "sporting" chance, and an election at the present time, if it had taken place, whatever its result might have been—and who can forecast the swing of the pendulum?—would have prevented, at any rate, what is now the case, judgment going by default.

There were other questions exercising the minds of this representative gathering on which strong and adverse criticisms were made, such as the action of the Bench of Bishops in taking part in the divisions, the feeling being unanimously expressed that it would have been more in accordance with the interests of the Church they exist to uphold if they abstained from politics generally and had abstained from voting in the recent crisis in particular. The Payment of Members and the underhand means adopted to carry the measure through was strongly condemned, especially by the working men present on this occasion.

Taken altogether, the Sussex gathering may be considered to have been a great success, and as indicative of the feelings of the Unionist Party generally throughout the country. It would be well indeed if similar gatherings to the one I have endeavoured to describe could be organised throughout the length and breadth of the land, and an opportunity thus given to the King's loyal subjects to have their minds instructed as to the destructive policy of the present Government, which is rapidly involving the country in ruin, to be followed at no distant date by a Revolution and the downfall of the Empire.

One other question was frequently asked, and that was why the Unionist Leader of the House of Commons left the country on the eve of the division in the House of Lords.

Yours faithfully, "A UNIONIST."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Has Mr. G. E. de Skues forgotten that the débâcle of 1906 was caused by members of the party whose "votes were not available"? One would have thought that subsequent events would have given them furiously to think.

I was a supporter of the policy of "Die Hard". It is my privilege to act as chairman for the Unionist member of a constituency who stoutly advocated the same policy, and he was supported (almost unanimously but not quite) in this matter not only by his workers, but, so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, by the rank and file. But if we want another débâcle we have only to intimate that "our votes are not available" whenever a move is made by our leaders which is not entirely in accord with our own ideas. We are all one in principle, we differed recently as to method. If we take Mr. de Skues' advice we shall certainly not "die hard", but ludicrously soft. We must keep our guns trained on the enemy until we have disposed of them; we cannot afford to shoot our friends.

Yours, etc. X.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Gables, Earl Soham, Suffolk,

1 September 1911.

SIR,—Your article in last week's REVIEW "Within the Party" undoubtedly applies to a great number of

Unionists throughout the country, but one stroke in the reorganisation of the party would bring them flocking back to our ranks, and many more, and that stroke would be a definite statement that the leaders of the late fiasco were to be removed and their places taken by more vigorous men. In fact, no time could be more opportune than now to declare our policy as "Anti-Socialism v. Socialism"; the labour troubles prove this.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. P. GODFREY.

#### THE STATE AND THE STRIKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—However much your "notes" on the above subject may commend themselves to your readers and "influential English people", I feel sure that Mr. Joseph Finn's letter will not meet with universal approbation. There is a strain of sentiment and prejudice running through it which I should have thought a practical business man would have avoided. Everyone knows that when a strike of any extent occurs there is generally a gathering of the worst characters who come, like rats out of their holes, and join the mob with the express purpose of plunder and mischief; over these the strike leaders have no sort of control, and it was chiefly against them the Government was obliged to employ the military, and none too soon. There are few of us who have not the welfare of the working classes at heart, but Mr. Finn seems to assume that employers refuse to increase wages to workmen from a spirit of arrogance and the lack of Christianity and humanity. But is this so? After very many years of experience I am convinced that as a manufacturing nation we can no longer successfully compete with the surplus products of all the rest of the world, dumped on our shores duty free, nor will it be possible to pay high wages, of that I am perfectly certain. Let us say a British manufacturer brings out a novelty or "a notion" to sell at 5s.; in a few weeks it will be imitated by the foreigner and sent here to sell at 4s.; it will be of a commoner quality and not really cheaper, but it sells, and the unfortunate Britisher is forced out of the market and his workpeople out of employment. This happens every week.

That employers should be dictated to as to exactly whom they shall employ and what they shall pay is scandalous, and that workmen who dislike it should be bullied and threatened into joining trade-unions is monstrous. When workmen strike they discharge themselves from employment, often without notice. What right have they, then, to insist that they shall be taken on again just when it pleases them? And what right have they to prevent other men from working? The "peaceful picketing" nonsense should be stopped by law at once. Surely the trading community (often heavy taxpayers) are entitled to some consideration and protection from the State. The somewhat spoilt British working man cannot expect to have it all his own way, there are others.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.

COMMERCIAL.

#### CAN SMALL HOLDINGS PAY?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue E.C.

30 August 1911.

SIR,—The writer of the article—"Can Small Holdings Pay?"—in a recent issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW has given his own experience of the business of small-holding in such a way that one has doubts whether he intends to place the reason for his non-success on his lack of business ability or on the impossibility of making small holdings pay. Success as a small-holder depends almost entirely on the small-holder himself, and it is unfortunately true that those men who have been gardeners, either in a nursery or in a private garden, are seldom sufficiently adaptable to become successful on small holdings. It would seem that J. H. took land at altogether too high a price. Land rented

at £6 per acre is of the capital value of at least £100, and that value is due to its building site value, and not to its agricultural value. It is a point which must always be remembered in connexion with small holdings, that it requires almost as much capital to rent as to purchase a holding, for what a man may save in the first payment by becoming a tenant, he loses in credit. Financial difficulties seldom arise in the first year or the second year, but after the third year the men who have rented holdings begin to drop out, and having lost the greater portion of their capital they are then in a much worse position than if they had never started on a small holding. On the other hand, the cultivator who purchases has part of his capital, even if he purchase on the instalment system, immediately invested in a first-class security, i.e. land, and by the time the third and subsequent years arrive he has invested in his land some considerable proportion of his capital, which enables him to obtain credit should failing crops make credit necessary.

Your correspondent gave only part of his time to a work which demands, more than any other, the undivided and exclusive attention of the occupier. Small holdings are not a suitable spare-time occupation for anyone with small capital. The holding must be the first and chief interest, otherwise the holding will suffer for the reason that the man with limited capital will prefer to work for the weekly wage rather than to wait for the crop which will later on pay him much more handsomely. It may be that imports of foreign produce are the cause of ruinous competition, and it may be that small-holders like J. H. would be more successful if suitable taxes were levied on imports of foodstuffs which we could produce ourselves; but while things are as they are, surely it would have been wise for J. H. to find out in what crops competition was so keen before planting them, and not to wait, as the article suggests, till the crops were grown and had to be marketed at unremunerative prices. The pity of it all is that men are taking up small holdings who have knowledge, experience and capital, but who lack the business acumen which is necessary if the land is to yield a livelihood for the worker. It is hard to believe that a gardener of experience, such as J. H. must be, would send apples to Covent Garden in bushels packed in straw, as he appears to indicate. There is always a good demand for apples, but they must be properly packed and properly graded. There are few people who wish to pay a big price for apples "as large as small cocoanuts". The demand is for a medium-sized, well-coloured apple. The other day I saw in a Kentish orchard the boxes ready for packing the apple crops. Small, light, non-returnable boxes, they were each one being packed so that after removing the lid the box could be placed straight away into the fruiterer's window. I asked where was the market for this fruit, and was told that most of it went to Dublin and Aberdeen. Surely if it pays to send Kent apples to Dublin and Aberdeen, it can pay small-holders to market them somewhere in the British Isles at a profit to the grower.

The position of J. H. is indeed an unfortunate one. After twelve years, he has paid £72 per acre in rent for his land, and he leaves it with only the smallest sum as compensation for all the work he has put into it. How much better it would have been for him to wait two or three years longer to gain a little more knowledge of the buying and selling of which he speaks rather contemptuously, and then to purchase land by instalments in the way that is now being made possible. Supposing J. H., when he makes his next start, selects land at not more than £40 an acre—and good land near markets can be had at this price—paying down about £10 an acre as deposit, and £6 per acre annually for five years, in six years' time the land will be his, and should the need arise there are many people who would lend him money on the security of a holding on which he has expended all his time and energy during several years. Let him do this, and let him study the markets and seek advice while the crops are growing, and then when he is ready to

sell his crops or to purchase stock or manure, let him again ask the advice of those who are continually in touch with the markets, and who will advise him to co-operate with other small-holders for all these purposes. The small-holder too seldom realises that he is entering upon an intricate business, and that all help which expert advice, co-operation, and an equitable system of land purchase can give, is essential to him if success is to be obtained. The magic of ownership is a very real thing, but the holding obtained without thrift will be maintained in a thriftless way. It is therefore of vital importance to the agricultural industry that ownership should not be too lightly conferred on any man who has merely agricultural or horticultural qualifications. Ownership should be made more easily attainable by a reduction in conveyancing costs, but to be financially sound the small owner must be encouraged to put some part of his capital in the land itself, a procedure which will protect him from laying out all his small capital in stock and crops, leaving nothing for the season when crops fail and stock falls sick. Capital paid to purchase land is an investment on which the owner can raise funds to tide over a bad season should the need arise; money paid in rent is an irrecoverable expense. No, sir! J. H. does not give his readers much help towards the solution of the problem which is much more a financial and economic than an agricultural one. Small-holders must become small owners. They must be so situated that they can co-operate for purchase and sale, they must be settled on the land by some agency which, to a greater extent than a Government department, has a vital interest in their success, and they must put a fair proportion of their capital into the land. Only on such lines can success be hoped for, and it is on such lines that success is already being achieved wherever the plan has been tried.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

L. J. HUMPHREY.

#### DONS AND THEIR QUARTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cambridge, 4 September 1911.

SIR,—The paragraph in your last issue referring to Bishop Welldon's address on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge seems to call for some comment or rather protest from one of the class so venomously and unjustifiably attacked by the writer. His remarks about the "society" at Oxford and Cambridge suggest either a violent personal animosity, which should not be allowed to intrude itself into the columns of a paper like the SATURDAY REVIEW, or a total ignorance of the conditions of life at the university towns. In either case the opinion expressed is calculated to offend all who are better informed than the writer of the paragraph and gravely to mislead those who are not. No reason whatever is given for this attack on the dons' wives and daughters, and it will be a great disappointment to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW if your paper is no longer to maintain a fair and unbiassed attitude, and is to publish remarks of this nature without any facts to support them.

There may be two opinions as to the advisability of having married dons; there can be but one about an attack like this.

Yours faithfully,

A DON'S DAUGHTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pembroke College, Cambridge.

SIR,—I should like to point out an error made in your last issue, in which you quoted Trumpington Street as a typical suburban retreat for married Dons. It is, and always has been, one of the chief and most exclusive streets for undergraduates.

Yours, etc.,

CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE.



## REVIEWS.

## SHELLEY'S ASHES.

**"Shelley and his Friends in Italy." By Helen Rossetti Angeli. London: Methuen. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.**

NOT the least of the pleasures we have had from "Shelley and his Friends in Italy" was in reading the publishers' advertisement on the paper cover of the book:—"This volume deals with the poet, his English and Italian associates in Italy between the year 1818 and the date of his death. Mrs. Rossetti Angeli is well acquainted with the Italian cities where Shelley and Byron sojourned, and gives many interesting local and personal details which will be new to students of their lives. The connexion of Shelley and Byron with Italian life and politics is adequately dealt with. The volume is illustrated by Mr. Maxwell Armfield, who visited for the purpose the various points of interest." This ingenuousness, coupled with reserve, is a feature of advertisement which is increasing, but is still delightful. In this case the note is quite a safe key to the book, except that it does not at all prepare us for the admirable coloured illustrations by Mr. Maxwell Armfield.

The book consists of over three hundred pages, in which we meet the same things about the Shelleys and Byron and their sets as in a score of dull unnecessary books. It is pretty obvious that no inspiration went to the making of this compilation. It belongs to the class of books which must strike anyone of experience as having been inspired rather by a publisher than by any of the Muses. It is a decent, even an honourable member of this class. For Mrs. Rossetti Angeli is a woman of intelligence and information. Her intelligence might certainly have been expected to tell her that on this particular subject her information was mainly that which the whole world has within reach. Nor is it a viewy or would-be viewy book: she has not deceived herself with thinking that she had any new interpretation or opinion. Her remarks on Mrs. Shelley after the poet's death show her to be simply an ordinary person in sympathy with advanced thought: "The most sorrowful and pitiful figure of the scattered circle", she says, "is Mary Shelley, who from a glorious companionship of eight years with the poet, whose genius and virtue she was one of the very few of her generation to appreciate, and who had stood by him, loved him, encouraged him, and endured for him—was left to a long, dreary, penurious, timorous, and inglorious widowhood, and with the care of a child who, for all her love and maternal devotion, must fatally have proved a disappointment." Which is not the kind of remark to furnish the adequate reply to Arnold's "What a set!"

No; Mrs. Angeli has written down what is the common property of books on Shelley, and has added too little new matter and opinion. Here and there it is clear that she is more familiar than some biographers with the Italian cities mentioned, but she is unable to make this local knowledge effective, because her power of writing is not above the ordinary and is helped neither by genius nor by naïveté, if this be not too subtle a distinction. She must have been aware, once the book was arranged for and begun, that she would have a hard task to justify it. She has therefore omitted to mention no mentionable matter connected with Shelley which has come under her notice. She has seen a letter of introduction which Shelley wrote for Miss Sophia Stacey, and she gives it because "although slight in matter, it is, I believe, the only extant letter written by Shelley in Italian". She gives it, though it is only Miss Stacey's copy, and she translates it in full.

The book contains an infinite number of sentences like "A Mr. Tomkins, an accomplished linguist and amateur portrait painter, also formed one of the Via Valgonda household. On the 7th January, and again two days later, Shelley sat to this gentleman for his portrait, in a fur-collared coat, with bare neck as usual, so Dowden was informed in 1884 by Mr. Tomkins'

daughter; the sketch has unfortunately been lost". There are almost as many sentences like this: "Medwin speaks also of Rosini, a Professor at the Pisan University, a learned and cultured man, and author of the 'Monaca di Monza', as being among Shelley's occasional guests at this period, and there is no reason to believe that he imagined or invented this, though, as Dowden points out, no reference to him occurs in Mary's journal, to bear out the statement". This is scarcely matter for the winged words of conversation; for the wingless words of print it is really absurd. Probably Mrs. Angeli has bemused and persuaded herself into believing that she has thus contributed to knowledge of Shelley. Too often she is only paraphrasing someone else, as where she describes the burning of Shelley's body, and adds that more wine was thrown over him than he had consumed in life". Her own writing is usually plain and modest enough, making no claims to any kind of distinction except by occasional phrases like "the withered embrace of the alienated Harriet". The nature of her thought has partly been indicated by the quotation referring to Mary Shelley. One other sentence on the same subject from another part of the book is sufficient to add: "But the marriage tie, or any other tie which society has ordained for the control of its millions, was certainly not framed with a view to the exceptional requirements of its exceptional units, its men of genius and its poets".

Reaching her last chapter but one, Mrs. Angeli realises that she might have done something original by helping to trace the influence of Italy on Shelley, his poetry and ideas. But the most she has leisure to do is to say: "Certainly his powers matured during this period, and his poetry gained in strength, and beauty, and harmony, and substantiality; and in all this some degree of influence must be conceded to the beauty and lucidity of the land and climate. But Shelley was twenty-five when he arrived, and much must be allowed purely to development".

Then she covers her retreat by saying: "But on the whole, Shelley was less influenced by the lands he sojourned in—even by such a land of inspiration and genius as Italy—than another poet would have been. It was part of the innate strength of the poet and the man that he was little subject to outer influence".

Really the best thing in the book is the appendix. This gives the statement of the Rev. Richard Burgess, who buried Shelley's ashes. This clergyman went to the office of a Mr. Freeborn, consular agent at Rome of the British Consul, and also a wine merchant. Seeing that Mr. Burgess had "some outward signs of an ecclesiastic" Mr. Freeborn asked him to "walk this way". He was taken down into the wine cellar and shown "a square wooden box painted chestnut ingraind". Mr. Freeborn said that he had been waiting some time for a clergyman to "bury that box". In answer to a question he said that it contained "Mr. Shelley's ashes, Sir". After some consideration as to what was right and proper, the box was put into a coffin of the ordinary size and shape and carried through the streets at an early hour, followed by "two English clergymen, who had never seen the deceased, and only knew that he was a great poet and a British subject, and had expressed an earnest desire to be interred in a Protestant Christian burial-place, where his son's ashes were already laid". General Cockburn and "Sir Charles Slyte, Bart." were present, and the portion of the burial service "when they come to the grave" was read under a beautiful Italian sky. They tried in vain to find the burial-place of his son to lay him there.

## PONIES.

**"Ponies and all about them." By Frank Townend Barton. London: Long. 1911. 7s. 6d.**

WITH the increase in mechanical traction and in motoring for pleasure and for business, it might be expected that interest in horse-flesh would decline. So indeed it has as regards some breeds of horses, for

instance the hackney and high-stepping carriage horse as well as the general utility horse, very few of which are now to be seen in London compared with only a short time ago. But perhaps for the very reason that motors are threatening the existence of this kind of horse, interest seems to be concentrating all the more strongly on those breeds which are still likely to be required either for pleasure or for business. A British Government even has awakened to the necessity of spending more money than any of its predecessors in encouraging horse-breeding, and the scheme recently put in operation should have very beneficial effects. The breeding of hunters, which includes horses for the Cavalry, though a somewhat precarious undertaking, is likely to attract a considerable, though perhaps inadequate, number of persons, so long as hunting goes on and so long as the best horses bred can be sold at the remunerative prices which high-class hunters fetch nowadays. How long hunting is likely to last in our crowded country it is difficult to say, but at all events at present, though there are unfavourable and threatening omens, it is a flourishing and prosperous sport and creates a great demand for horses. The foreign trade, though deplored in some quarters, is also a great incentive to breeders. If they would only keep their best mares and sell the produce, especially the male produce, to go abroad, there would be no ground for complaint but rather for congratulation. Of late years the breeding of high-class saddle ponies has been much encouraged by the good prices which polo ponies fetch. The amazing sums which are sometimes heard of by no means find their way as a rule into the pocket of the breeder. He, poor fellow, is perhaps aggrieved when he sees an animal of his breeding sold for four or five times more than he got for it. But perhaps he does not realise that it is the perfection of training for the game which creates the value when that training is superimposed on first-class raw material. A badly made pony well trained is better than the most perfectly shaped one badly trained or spoilt, and it is the combination of make and shape in body and limb, of speed, temper and endurance, good training and experience, that fetches the amazing price up to 600 guineas.

But there is no doubt that the breeder does gain by such prices. They are evidence of what can be done with a pony, and they tend to send up the price of the raw green article whose looks are promising. Few breed societies can congratulate themselves on such success as has been obtained in a short time by the Polo and Riding Pony Society. Before the advent of this Society polo pony breeding was looked upon as a lottery more than usually hazardous, but now, chiefly owing to the efforts of a few enthusiastic breeders, notably Sir John Barker and Mr. Tresham Gilbey, the type has been fixed, and each spring show of the Society gives additional proof that ponies can be bred true to type. It is a pity that the author of this book—or rather the compiler, because there are several contributors—does not devote more space to the work of this Society. He finds nothing new to say about it, and contents himself with republishing a few extracts from articles which have already appeared in the "Field". He has neglected his opportunity, and in a book with so ambitious a title one would have expected to find something which would be helpful to the breeder instead of the usual journalistic tarra-diddle. The chapter on the thoroughbred pony—illustrated by the way by a portrait of a hackney pony stallion, another of which breed adorns the cover—is no better, although it is this description of pony, very often chance-bred, which forms the bulk of the supply of polo ponies at the present time.

The thoroughbred, or three parts thoroughbred, pony, 14-2 hands high, when well made, as he usually is, makes a most useful animal whether it be for hacking, hunting especially cub-hunting, polo, or even harness. If the pedigrees of many of these ponies which come from Ireland could be traced it would no doubt be found that in many cases the tap-root is native pony blood which has been crossed and recrossed with the thoroughbred. But there are also a great many

thoroughbred ponies, not, as some people suppose, weedy or undersized freaks, but genuine representatives of the old thorough blood—backwaters as it were of the racecourse stream. In vol. viii. of the "Polo and Riding Pony Stud Book" there is a most interesting article on the "Tap-root of Polo Pony Breeding", in which it is shown that the most famous pony stallions of the day, such as Rosewater and his son Sandiway; Gownboy; Schoolmaster; Sentinel; Lord Polo; Hurlingham; Shy Boy; (three sons of Rosewater); Rudheath Eheu; Mountain Ash; Bread Sauce; Antre and Gillie Flower; all have in their pedigrees a great many crosses of Walton, who had himself sixteen crosses of British pony blood and twenty crosses of two mares (Bay Peg and the Spanker mare) very closely in-bred and immediately descended from the Eastern blood (also pony blood) which was the origin of the thoroughbred. It is curious that of the sons of Rosewater, who himself had a double cross of Walton, Sandiway and Shy Boy have also the same cross through their dams. It would be interesting if some stud book expert would work out the pedigrees of the more recent pony stallions which have gained fame, such as Spanish Hero, Othrae, Right For'ard, and Jacko, to see what crosses they have of the same blood. If they were found numerous it would go far to confirm the theory that the small thoroughbred blood, though not now much valued for the Turf, is still existent in certain strains, and by judicious crossing could be brought out to any extent.

The author of this book does trace the descent in the male line of the modern hackney pony to the Eastern blood (the Darley Arabian). It will strike a good many observers of the modern hackney how far the breed has departed from the original, whether for better or for worse in the opinion of the observer will depend to which category of horse lovers he belongs—those who hate the hackney or those who admire him; he is sure to belong to one or the other. The author is evidently one of the admirers because in the chapter on Connemara ponies occurs the following: "The degeneracy of the Irish pony must have been obvious to all concerned, in fact so much so that the Congested Districts Board, acting under the Land Commission of Ireland, purchased small hackney stallions, of suitable stamina, to mate with the brood mares in the various districts. This was certainly a step in the right direction, and has made material improvements." Whether the majority of those interested in Irish horse-breeding agreed with this action of the Congested Districts Board, or would agree with this dictum, is, to say the least, doubtful, and many are the curses which have been heaped on the heads of those who were responsible for the introduction of the hackney into Ireland.

No book on ponies, still less a book professing to tell all about them, would be complete without reference to the old native breeds of ponies such as the Welsh, Dartmoor, Exmoor, Fell, Highland and Shetland. In this book there are chapters of varying interest by different authors, some of them experts, on these breeds. The most interesting chapter is that on the Shetland. The others are not very adequately dealt with, and they would have been more useful if a list had been given of the principal fairs where the ponies can be obtained and the districts where they are mostly bred.

The rest of the book is largely made up of padding, useful enough but obtainable elsewhere; thirty-two pages for instance are devoted to an extract from Captain E. D. Miller's book ("Modern Polo") on the "Tactics of Polo". The County Polo Association Rules, Roehampton Club Rules, Hurlingham Rules, Cup Tournament Conditions, Rugby Polo Club Rules, list for Gymkhana, and Conditions of Entry for Stud book occupy a considerable space, and the remainder is devoted to chapters on buying and selling ponies, stable management and hygiene, the structure and diseases of the pony, and so forth. The information given is no doubt excellent, as one would expect from the qualifications of the author, but seeing how many detailed books on the subject there are already, was there any need for it?



## THE WORLD OF ICE.

**"Characteristics of Existing Glaciers." By William Herbert Hobbs. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1911. 13s. 6d.**

THIS book does not describe the characteristics of existing glaciers that appeal most strongly to the climber among the Alps. The works of Tyndall, or Heim, or Hess, must be studied if we would learn about the structure of glacier-ice, the secrets of its motion, or the crevasses and seracs that add variety and excitement to its surface. Yet it is a proof of the wide range of modern exploration, and of the modern geographical outlook, that Professor Hobbs is able to devote a considerable volume to glacial features of a less familiar order. His systematic papers, based largely on personal observations, are well known to geologists and geographers. He has now brought several of these together, with amplifications based on experiences in 1910. He is thus able to illustrate his theme from Lapland, as well as from the Bighorn Mountains and Alaska, and it is to be regretted that he was unable to join in the scientific visit to Spitsbergen last summer, when so many glacialists profited by the guidance of Professor Baron de Geer.

In proportion as ordinary "mountain glaciers" of the Swiss type have been studied, their inadequacy to explain the features of the comparatively recent Ice-age has been more completely realised. This Ice-age, associated as it was with the settlement of man in Europe, has at the same time furnished the student with an increasingly attractive field. London, with its geological school honourably inspired by Lyell, lies in that corner of our islands where glacial phenomena have left fewest traces. Possessed by a just suspicion of catastrophes as an explanation of geological events, teachers and pupils have gone forth from this critical centre with a feeling that the Ice-age has been over-rated. It is true that some of the views of Louis Agassiz, our great master in glacial matters, had proved at an early date to be extreme; but most of us have come to regard the Ice-age in his spirit, as a very grave event, which for a time modified the conditions of life on the whole globe. As Mr. E. C. Andrews has pointed out, there is no existing glacial region where the ice is at present at its maximum.

The surface, moreover, of enormous areas became changed by the passage of glaciers of the continental type. When the ice melted away, quite as effectively by thinning from the top downwards as by actual retreat, deposits of clay with striated boulders, gravels washed tumultuously from the edges of the ice-sheets, and sinuous gravel ridges, the "eskers", or fairy green-hills, became revealed as additions to the earlier features of the lowlands. Old valleys had become choked, new lakes had been formed among the mounds of boulder-clay and the moraines, while the mountains had acquired additional grandeur from the sculpturing of frost and the development of the hollows known as cirques.

These theatres of bare rock, which still form the glory of the dissected highlands of North Wales, are dealt with at length by Professor Hobbs when he describes the work of mountain glaciers. Snow patches are now known to work out nests for themselves in gently sloping ground. The melting of their edges, and the freezing of the water in the crevices of the surrounding rocks, produce a loose crumbling soil-cap, in the slime of which the traveller may sink up to his knees. Occasional slides of snow and rock carry this material outwards down the slope, and the hollow in which the snow first gathered deepens until it can support a corrie-glacier. Professor Hobbs justly connects such hollows with the origin of cirques. The grand semicircular wall of rock represents the region split by frost, and the material that was showered down, or was undermined by sapping action at the back of the glacier, has been carried out of the hollow by the ice, leaving the surface free for continuous attack. The cirque is so well known in the scenery of our islands that the first

two chapters of the present book should have a wide appeal.

Professor Hobbs regards glaciers, under appropriate conditions, as capable of effecting considerable erosion. The conditions are the narrowing of the valley down which the ice moves, any cause that locally increases the pressure on the floor, and the structure of the rock presented to the ice. No one who has examined the results of the movement of continental glaciers across stratified rocks can deny that whole sheets of these rocks may be pushed forward and ultimately broken up. Few who have studied narrow gorges through which ice formerly was forced can fail to appreciate the plucking action on their walls. The ice-flow ultimately accommodates its channel to itself, and smoothed surfaces and U-shaped cross-sections result. Professor Hobbs' descriptions of the forms left when the ice has passed away, whether they arise from erosion or from the deposition of moraines, will interest all lovers of our British landscapes. The detailed consideration of the Arctic type of glacier and of "inland ice" masses leads us to less familiar fields; but here, as we have remarked, we realise the conditions of the Ice-age. The broad lowland glaciers of polar climes present features of singular interest and charm, and Professor Hobbs' pages will recall to many workers days spent along great seaward ice-fronts, with their green recesses and the foaming of sub-glacial streams, and the frequent boom of falling ice blocks, as the wall crumbles and shoots out bergs into the fjord.

The book is thus a compendium of a large range of specialised literature, rather than a complete treatise on the characteristics of existing glaciers. The author writes like a thoughtful student who is not to be tempted into fine language; but his words do not always express what he intends. Ice, for instance, is said to become "adiabatically heated" when the air round it is obviously meant. The Aarschlucht near Meiringen can hardly be referred to as a bar of rock. Ought we not, again, to write "The Jostedalsbrå" for "The Jostedalsbræen", which involves tautology? We do not like such eccentric terms as "scape colks", quoted apparently from the English translation of Suess' "Antlitz", or even "inherited basin glacier"; but geographers are still feeling their way towards words that shall be concise and at the same time descriptive. We are grateful for a work that brings so much new matter together in a form in which it can be discussed. The illustrations are numerous, and their collection and preparation must have involved unusual labour.

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ALWAYS AFTERNOON.

**"Mrs. Maxon Protests." By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen. 1911. 6s.**

Anthony Hope's later work puts one curiously in mind of some happy harbour on our southern coast, where, once, great galleons were builded and lay at anchor, but where now only fishing boats shelter and yachtsmen lie. Seen at high water—and Anthony Hope has his spring tides still—there seem to be navigable miles over which to wander, an impression heightened by the big craft moored so near the shore. But when the tide falls, and in such places it recedes swiftly, the navigable water is seen to be confined to a few narrow channels that creep deviously to the sea, and the wide acres of silt that spread so unsuspectingly close beneath the surface are everywhere revealed to us. The big trawlers, too, which, so near to shore, lent such a sense of amplitude to the channel, are seen, high and dry upon the mud, to be moored with a security which foresees no more endeavour, since, their sailing days over, they are but become places for storing the fishermen's tackle, and differ only from the dull sheds at the quay-side by the air of old romances that still clings about them.

One might apologise for such a simile did it not give with a generous exactness the impression that such a

piece of work as the present book conveys. One enters it at its high tide, and it is Anthony Hope's habit always to introduce us to his harbours at high water, and stir in us the gay apprehension of fervid voyaging ahead. "Where such ships lie", we say, "there must be great doings"; and when the pretty young wife of the grim barrister calls for legal advice on the man who was once her lover, and explains to him that she is about to leave her husband, all because of "inkpat", which is her cheery abbreviation for incompatibility of temper, we feel comfortably assured of sailing adventures ahead. And, to speak but the truth, we have them, very notable adventures, which had they but happened round us in life would have considerably enlivened and perhaps embittered our point of view. But that is where the art of Anthony Hope comes in. Things happen in the quiet harbour, too, but not quite on the scale to which we were attuned by the promise of its swelling tide. Birth and death happen there, and all that lies between them; but what one feels, as one lives beside its ever-ebbing waters, is not the pressure, the intensity, of life with which it was once so ardently occupied, but the deep restfulness which has settled upon it, as the silt of the water-worn world has set a bar across its mouth, and laid a soft floor along its channels. It pays its old toll no longer to the greatness of a nation, neither in ships, nor in men, nor in its brave affairs, but lies, dreamy and lovely there, just breathing, with the blue of heaven upon its shallow waters, or with dawns and sunsets flaming over its burnished flats. A place, no longer to engender and stimulate, but with an appreciated peace for any who have ceased to care for the old strife. How more exactly could one describe the appeal of "Mrs. Maxon Protests", and of more than one volume that has preceded it? What could seem to be more vigorous than her protest? Does she not throw over the man she has married as lightly as a faded leaf; does she not take another mate to herself long ere fate or the law has freed her; and, estranged from him does she not pursue her amorous adventures—one must call them amorous—with great variety and varying fortune till she win at last the man who has vowed not to want her? Does that sound like an abandoned harbour? Surely, not in the least! Consider the impossibilities of which in other hands such a theme might be capable; the ceaseless fracture of the proprieties; the expurgatorial index of the lending libraries.

But beautifully brazen and entirely unrepentant as Mrs. Maxon is, there is not a hint in her story that could outrage—one speaks in all humility—the most susceptible. Between Anthony Hope's manner of telling such things and that of the ordinary tale-bearer there is no more resemblance than between equestrian exercise on a mechanical horse and a day's fox hunting; they have only the exercise and, perhaps, the benefits in common. Mrs. Maxon gives you the exercise, a regular "point to point" between two husbands, with three obstacles, pretty stiff ones too, in the shape of lovers, who all made proposals of differing degrees of obliquity, in between. But never for a moment does one feel to have been hunting, neither for a moment does one feel to have been bored. The old excellent art of fence is there to beguile us in talk over the dry places; it does not spring from character, nor in consequence reveal character, quite as it did; and it has not acquired a maturity of thought in the stead of what was once its delightful freshness. What it has achieved is, indeed, a certain placidity of acquiescence, which would be a little dreary were it less lightly used. It is a quality that seldom rises to irony and is even more rarely betrayed into cynicism, but it sometimes drops to commonplace. It breathes a tolerance that would be genial if it were a little less tired; as though it were conscious of having come, if not to the end, at least to the limitation of its interests, and now regarded romance, shorn of the old invocation, merely as a rearrangement of pattern. Hence come back to us those memories of the harbour; acquiescent, too, con-

tent with its rearrangements of reflected beauty; with dreams and shadows instead of argosies on its wide bosom; and to some eyes only the more lovely when the tides, that were its use and pride, have given place to mud. Far be it from us to attach such a name to the substance that renders Anthony Hope's reflections. Whatever it be, it has a charm no less than the silt which in the old harbour wears so many hues, tender and gorgeous, under sun and moon; even if, like it, it speak of great hours past, and appeal chiefly to those who have lost the expectation of adventure.

## NOVELS.

"People of Popham." By Mrs. George Wemyss. London: Constable. 1911. 6s.

We regret very much to see that this book has been compared to "Cranford", the resemblance being about as close as that between a leading article in a half-penny newspaper and an Essay of Elia. It is extremely cheap work, except that it is extremely expensive at six shillings; it is not even quite nice throughout—at least, it is not as nice, in several senses of that word, as we consider a book ought to be, the only conceivable appeal of which is to the young and sentimental school-girl. In several fits and starts, aided by a book-marker, we persevered to the end; there was just as little reason why the book should have stopped at that point as there was reason why it should have gone on so long. It consists of a series of flashy, jerky jottings by a young girl in a terrible state of semi-culture, recording her impressions of life in a village, inhabited by a variety of people, no one of whom is of the least interest. Lurking in this maze of fifth-form journalism are the threads of a story; but they ramble in a desperate tangle, and there is no clear narrative at all. This is the more regrettable, because in certain rare oases Mrs. George Wemyss gives drought-dispelling hints that she might some day write quite a good novel, especially if she included a lot of children; but she must learn to avoid the trick of treating each sentence as a paragraph. She might model her style, by the way, on "Cranford".

"Mrs. Drummond's Vocation." By Mark Ryce. London: Heinemann. 1911. 6s.

If a crude and raw young missionary on his way to China hastily marries the pretty grand-daughter of a Boulogne restaurant-keeper (his first escape from English air having gone to his head), he may fairly expect his domestic life to be lively. But Mrs. Drummond settled down placidly enough in the life of a small Non-conformist mission community, in spite of the handicap of her early training. It was not until, as a widow, she travelled by the Siberian railway and met a fascinating Russian prince that she flung her bonnet over the windmill. Mr. Ryce does not leave much to the imagination in his chronicle of the transformation of a demure "mission-lady" into a demi-mondaine in Paris. There is an odd interlude in Clapham when the lady obeys a call to the sick-bed of her husband's father, a grim Puritan minister unconscious of her real way of life. The author's preface, which strikes us as impudent, ignores the fact that a story of this kind can justify itself only by being amusing, wherein "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation" fails.

"Miss Daffodil: a Love Story." By Curtis Yorke. London: Long. 1911. 6s.

When a very young girl becomes engaged to a flashy ne'er-do-well, and he goes to Australia and is reported dead, and her father's friend the excellent middle-aged squire convinces her that he has loved her always, one can guess the dénouement. Daffodil's cousin, a superficially cynical modern maiden, who cherishes a passion for the aforesaid ne'er-do-well, is more original than any other person in the book, which none the less runs agreeably to its obvious climax.



## SCHOOL BOOKS.

"A Class Book of Chemistry." By G. C. Donington. London: Macmillan. 1911. 3s. 6d.

The arrangement of this book points to a reaction against mere test-tubing—the separation of "practical" from "theoretical" which has often led in result to a great deal of unintelligent work in the laboratory. It has always been difficult in a large class to give sufficient individual attention to every pupil to ensure his understanding the experiments he is directed to make, and to appreciate the results. Printed directions were soon found to be necessary; but, even so, though the pupil's power of observation was stimulated and trained he was often left a good deal in the dark as to the inner meaning of his operations. Mr. Donington realises clearly that the experiment should always be accompanied by an exposition of the principle it illustrates. Since the teacher cannot be always at the pupil's elbow in a big class, he gives in each chapter of this little book first the experiments, then the principles involved. Theory and practice run together, and reinforce one another. The scope of the book includes the experiments and theoretical knowledge necessary to qualify a pupil for matriculation. It is the ordinary secondary school course, and is the result of the author's teaching experience. It is compact and well-arranged; the diagrams are clear. A teacher without a fixed plan of instruction of his own could not go far wrong in adopting this of Mr. Donington. Few teachers would not be able to make some use of it. For the pupil who must depend largely on his own direction, the book would be invaluable.

"General Physics for Students." By Edwin Edser. London: Macmillan. 1911. 7s. 6d.

This is a text book on the fundamental properties of matter. It supposes a pupil with a sound knowledge of the elements of algebra, geometry and trigonometry. Where integrations must be performed, the calculus is avoided by a method of the author's fully explained in the text. These exercises are in themselves an excellent introduction to the study of the calculus itself. The author sets out to treat of fundamental properties of matter "in the simplest manner consistent with accuracy". Certainly he succeeds if simplicity means the avoiding of all that is irrelevant to the problem in hand. As to arrangement, the first five chapters treat of mechanical principles generally, more especially the rotational motion of solids and oscillatory motion. Gravitation and the straining of elastic bodies lead by way of the surface tension of liquids to a consideration of the mechanical properties of fluids. Experiments, problems and examination questions are given, in the course of each chapter concurrent with the exposition of principles and properties.

"A First Book in English Literature." By Henry S. Pancost and Percy Van Dyke Shelly. London: Bell. 1911. 5s. net.

This is to the lover of literature perhaps the worst kind of book that is written. Yet if "literature" is to be taught in class it is difficult to see how it can be avoided. We must collect our authors, classify and date them; split them up into paragraphs on parentage, education, youth, maturity and last years. Criticism without a spark must alternate with rapid genealogy and dull synopsis of literary "movements". No man has time or capacity to love and understand every author from "Beowulf" to Robert Browning, and his real enthusiasms have not a chance when he is writing by the line. No one would read such a book for pleasure. Is it not then a grave mistake to force these books upon the pupil and risk giving him a distaste of the whole subject? Those who have made up their minds to a B.Litt. for themselves, or their pupils, will find this book excellent as a "First Book in English Literature"; which is, perhaps, the best and the worst that can be said for it.

"English History, Illustrated from Original Sources, from the Earliest Times to 1066." By Sara Melhuish. London: Black. 1911. 2s. 6d.

These are excellent little volumes, to be used with discretion. The excerpts follow in chronological order of the events to which they refer. They are the bed-rock of the text-books, and infinitely more vivid and likely to capture the pupil's imagination. But it is absolutely necessary that the teacher using these books should himself have some knowledge of the sources and of their relative merit. William of Malmesbury and Florence of Worcester appear in this first volume, side by side with Gildas and Bede as of equal veracity and value. The authorities for the period before the Conquest are few, and this little book contains the pick of them. We should be curious to see the selection made for later periods, when choice has become so much more difficult. As to the pre-Conquest period, all our authorities could be included in quite a small

volume. Excerpts from the Latin authors (Caesar, Tacitus); contemporary authorities like Gildas, Bede, and the Chronicle; a few remains of old laws, institutes and charters; the mediæval gossips; a few sagas and poems—the tale is remarkably short. The value of this series of books would certainly be greatly increased if the editors would introduce the authorities with a few words of preface, as short and simple as possible, as to the relative authenticity of the authors, their ability to know of what they wrote, and the possibilities of bias in their writing. For a careful use of this series a good teacher is taken for granted. Is this altogether safe?

"A Short History of Europe (Mediæval)." By C. S. Terry. London: Routledge. 1911. 3s. 6d. net.

A business-like compendium of mediæval history from before the fall of the Empire to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. The merit of the book is its attempt to bring British history into connexion with the big movements in Europe. It is closely written, and would best be used as the basis of a broader and more vivid exposition by the teacher of the period it summarises.

"Les Dames Vertes." By George Sand. Edited by Eugene Pellissier. (Siepmann's French Series.) London: Macmillan. 1911. 2s. 6d.

The Siepmann series of graduated readers are, perhaps, too well known to need particular notice here of their qualities. Most of us enter French literature by way of the Siepmann "Le Roi des Montagnes," or "Tartarin de Tarascon". The edition is mercilessly thorough. Each chapter is ransacked for vocabulary, idiom, or construction of sentences. Perhaps the more masterpieces it spares, the better. There can be no magic in a book which lives in one's memory as the storehouse of unmanageable idiom or the basis of "words and phrases for viva voce drill". However, the necessary brutal work is done with the minimum of fuss; and it is, perhaps, the best thing of its kind.

"Elementary French Composition." By F. Victor Maesard. London: Rivington. 1911. 2s. 6d. net.

This little book is arranged on the principle of getting the maximum of instruction out of a given passage. "Il y avait une fois, en Bretagne, un noble seigneur, qu'on appelait le baron de Kervier" runs the first sentence of the book. This is the basis of an ingenious exercise. "Où est la Bretagne? Qu'est-ce que la Grande-Bretagne? Où demeurerait le baron de Kervier?" The drawback of such a book and method of instruction is that a pupil, even in the elementary stage, may be too intelligent and too sensible of the ridiculous to stay for an answer to so methodical a catechism. It is possible to put a self-respecting pupil off by making things a little too easy.

## THE SEPTEMBER REVIEWS.

Three subjects are topical to the month—the end of the Parliament Bill, the strikes, and the Franco-German "conversations".

As to the Parliament Bill the "National Review" stands firmly by its original attitude. The editorial comment on the Halsbury dinner gives it a real importance in the history of Unionism. "By common consent it was one of the most striking political demonstrations of the last quarter of a century; it was no mere episode in an ephemeral conflict, but the opening of a new era in the history of Unionism, in which men will be prepared to stick to the principles in which they believe, and to put aside those pitiful tactics and accused opportunism which have been the ruin of Unionism." This "accursed opportunism" has, in the opinion of the "National Review", ruined the party in the country; and been chiefly to blame for our failure. Who knows but that, strongly led, the Unionists would not have been able to expose and thwart the whole movement? "The general effect of Unionist supineness was to prevent the country from taking an intelligent interest in the fortunes of the Parliament Bill or from realising its revolutionary character. The attitude of his Majesty's Opposition was all the more amazing because it was palpable to everybody that there was no popular driving force behind this odious measure, which could have been smashed to smithereens by men who meant business." The "National Review" is sick of tactics and thinks we have suffered in our leaders from too much cleverness: "It is impossible for any party to win on 'tactics', which means that whenever timid men think they have a chance of being beaten they will run away." Quoting a characteristic passage from a speech by Mr. Balfour, the "National Review" asks: "Is this the spirit to which the British Empire owes its existence. Is every Englishman to

surrender when he runs any risk of being beaten? Does principle play no part in politics?" In legitimate anger with the clever politicians who directed the policy of scuttle the editor of the "National Review" asks if the guilt of the Unionist peers who allowed the Parliament Bill through by default is very much worse than that of those who actually voted for it. "Lord Halsbury explicitly declined to distinguish between the Scuttlers and the Renegades. From the moment the Scuttle was started by the Unionist Leaders so-called it was obvious there would be Renegades."

In contrast with the strong line of the "National Review" is an apologia by Lord Dunraven in the "Nineteenth Century": "The Press, which made so splendid a fight for liberty and the rights of the people, will be doing an ill-turn to the people, and will be jeopardising the cause of liberty, if they continue to inveigh against the conduct of those peers who felt it their duty to abstain from voting, or even to vote with the Government." Lord Dunraven's argument is not even ingenious. Admitting the time was passed for stopping the bill, every peer had still the opportunity to refuse to be a party to its passing. Mr. Sidney Brooks in the "Fortnightly Review" also justifies the peers: "It will doubtless for long be a matter of ardent debate whether the Lords were well or ill advised in accepting the Bill. From the national standpoint there cannot, I think, be much question that they did right. They extricated the Sovereign from the repulsive necessity of redeeming the pledge that circumstances had forced upon him; they warded off the unendurable spectacle of the degradation of a venerable assembly; they saved the country, once thought to be a country with a certain aptitude for political common-sense and compromise, from being turned into the laughing-stock of Europe; and they preserved the peerage from a blow which, without wishing in any way to dispute or derogate from the ingrained and unconquerable flunkeyism of our people, must still, I think, have sorely damaged its social prestige." "Blackwood's Magazine" continues this month its criticism of Mr. Asquith as the party man without the statesman's view. In his conduct of the Parliament Bill into law: "Never did he invoke the spirit of loyalty and patriotism. He sternly omitted England from his purview." Had there been enthusiasm or even a decent motive in the Radical camp their enterprise might have passed; but in "this revolution of Mr. Asquith's there is no passion, and no impulse save the impulse of self-interest. The country, indifferent to the passage of the Bill, knows not whether it will carry us. The ostensible motive of the Bill is that Home Rule may be given to Ireland, which has ceased to want it."

The Radical view is put by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby in the "Contemporary". He sees in the Halsbury movement nothing but "impatience and annoyance with Mr. Balfour's weak and vacillating leadership". As to the Parliament Bill he finds it quite a moderate measure of reform: it "does not even place a Liberal Government on an equal footing with a Unionist Government." A purely partisan view. The "English Review" quarrels with the Halsbury movement for coming too late, and it makes some admissions. "Now, had Lord Halsbury and his valiants gone out to fight a year ago, had they and Lord Hugh Cecil kicked up an Austrian Reichsrath rumpus at Westminster, not once, but on some dozen occasions, had they sought to browbeat the Throne and terrify the constituencies into submission, say, about the time of Mr. Balfour's Referendum speech, why, at any rate, they would have obtained a hearing. That would have been cricket, a true fight, in which they would have gone down, as many of their ancestors went down on many a stricken field, with honour and glory."

There is this month in the "Fortnightly" an anonymous article, under the title "Democracy Arrives", more interesting than much which is more strictly political. The writer traces here the rise of the middle classes. Their day, the writer thinks, is now well past. The Radical laissez-faire individualism which permitted them to grow is now discredited. Recent labour troubles have shown that the idea of the State is now definitely formed.

This article leads us to the railway strike. The "National Review" glances severely at the mishandling by the Government of the position: "Mr. Asquith characteristically met the aggrieved Trade Unionists by offering 'a Royal Commission' to inquire into the working of these Boards. Visions of an eternal investigation under the auspices of Lord Balfour of Burleigh or Lord St. Aldwyn, with its accompanying pyramid of Blue-books and its litter of repts, crossed the mind of the discontented signalman and the aggrieved shunter, and afforded the mischievous brethren of 'Unity House' the pretext they had been itching for of proclaiming a general railway strike, although they only represented about one-fourth of the railway men." As to the true causes of the strike there is a general agreement that low fixed wages with a rising food-bill has been the chief.

"Long hours, low pay, strict discipline", to quote Mr. Ellis Barker in the "Nineteenth Century", are the immediate grievances. The promises and disturbing enterprises of the Radical Government have added to the unrest. Of the political meaning of the labour movement Mr. Harold Cox writes in the "Nineteenth Century" from the democratic point of view. The danger ahead is a danger to liberty: "Unfortunately this disregard for the liberty of others is not confined to political issues. Exactly the same attitude of mind is displayed by weekly wage-earners when they go on strike, and by the mob of hooligans that gives vocal and physical support to the strikers. If any workman in the exercise of his undoubted right decides that he prefers to work on the terms offered rather than join the strike, he is denounced as a blackleg and a traitor." Mr. Cox realises that the tyranny of a democratic Government is the worst: "There is no natural limitation to it. A tyrant is afraid of his neck, an aristocracy of its privileges; a democracy has nothing to fear. The people cannot revolt against their own decrees; the majority, if it be a real majority, is omnipotent. That is why democratic infringements of liberty are more to be feared than any other form of tyranny."

The conversations between Germany and Morocco are, in the "Nineteenth Century", the excuse for a review by Mr. Thomas Kirkup of German policy from the birth of Prussia. This article is written with an intimate understanding of Germany and her needs, and is a warning against a too easy assumption that Germany is the born military bully of Europe. Germany, it is true, is a military State, and to "many minds a military State suggests a predatory State. Such a suggestion is intolerable with regard to Prussia. Industry has been the note of the Prussian State throughout its history, industry ceaseless, thrifty, well-directed and victorious under adverse conditions of soil and climate. War was, generally speaking, a most unwelcome incident to her rulers. Military training was an imperative necessity. The true and constant vocation of the State was rational industry, in which Government and people combined to convert a waste and barren land into a well-ordered and well-equipped country". Later on Mr. Kirkup urges that it is our first duty "to clear our minds of the absurd and pernicious idea that the wars of 1864-71 were wars of vulgar aggression. They were waged to secure unity and independence and all the thousand blessings implied in unity and independence for a great people that had for centuries endured the worst evils of disunion and of foreign interference and domination". Germany, he points out, came too late for the spoils of the world; and she has always been thwarted in expansion. Therefore "we need not wonder at her persistency about Morocco, which may be regarded as the last field for colonial enterprise that is still to be appropriated. In these matters I think it was our duty and our interest, rightly understood, to be friendly, sympathetic and even generous towards Germany, and we have not so been. It does appear that our rulers have not really understood the past history or present position of Germany. Whether it has been prejudice, ignorance, or merely a desire always to have the best of a bargain, or a confused mixture of all three, one cannot easily determine. But the result has come home to us in swollen armaments, in strained relations, and in the insane talk of war".

In the "Contemporary Review" Dr. Dillon deals more specifically with the situation. He claims to see through the diplomatic pretences of Germany to the real issue beneath. He follows Maximilian Harden, the honest German, Bismarck's friend and confidant: "Maximilian Harden, in plain, straightforward articles, puts the real data of the case before his countrymen and the world with a degree of frankness, one might call it recklessness, worthy of his master. Sweeping away the cobwebs of cant, he avows the fact that it is a might-conflict which Germany is precipitating, he holds that the truth should be fearlessly proclaimed, and feels sure that the German nation will back the Government in this. And Maximilian Harden is not wrong. He admits that when the question of right is mooted, Germany's case against France is hopeless."

The writer on "Agadir" in the "National Review" thinks that but for Britain's decided attitude Germany's profits would have been even greater. The Germans calculated on British indifference and absorption in the constitutional struggle: "Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, who knows no more about England than about the moon, took his master's word for it that England had been squared or lulled into indifference, and now he finds that the proposed Franco-German bargain will have to be approved by England. All this is very mortifying, no doubt, but still Germany gains and stands to gain more than she has any right to claim."



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### HISTORY.

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THE Twenty-eighth Ordinary General Meeting of the Brazil Great Southern Railway Company, Limited, was held last Monday, at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. Henry Raincock (the chairman) presiding. The Chairman said that the original issue of £250,000 of first mortgage debentures was now reduced to £98,700. There had been practically no increase in the capital expenditure, except the outlay for new rolling stock, extension of station buildings, and sidings, amounting to £11,725, which became necessary in order that they might more readily transport and handle at the stations the increased volume of traffic. The traffic receipts for the year show the substantial increase of £11,945, or 70 per cent., and embody an improvement under each heading, but more particularly that of merchandise, the increase of which represents £4,112 for general traffic alone, and, in addition, a quantity of construction material which represents the sum of £6,243. The handling of a larger volume of traffic naturally required the running of additional trains, and the number of goods trains had to be increased by 368. The total mileage run was also increased from 57,558 to 87,377, or nearly 52 per cent. On the other hand, the increased expenditure amounted to £4,667, or only 27 per cent. The general revenue account of the railway, calculated at the current rate of exchange, shows a profit of £7,294, against a loss of £719 for the previous year. The railway had thus been worked at a substantial profit—namely, 77 per cent. of the gross receipts. The net revenue account, after charging all interest and other outgoings, amounts to £5,992, as compared with a loss of £3,465 the previous year. The balance of the net revenue account is thus increased to £32,840, and, after transferring to revenue reserve account the proportion of the cost of the additional rolling stock, which constitutes a valuable asset, and certain other charges shown in the balance-sheet, the balance remaining is £25,575. Their anticipations as to receipts from the new Saladeiro at Ibiculy have been realised. With regard to the construction works on the San Borja extension, unfortunately anticipations in respect to the period at which they would be completed have not been fulfilled. Last year was one of drought, and a plague of locusts materially affected the prosperity of the district, in addition to which the demand for labour far exceeded the supply, consequently the contractors found it impossible to secure the services of the number of men needful to complete the works within the expected time. Good progress was, however, made, and the Government have extended the period until April 30 next year, by which time the railway will be running between Itaquí and San Borja. The difficulties in connection with the negotiations for the construction of the International Bridge over the River Quarahim have been entirely removed. The extension of the Midland of Uruguay Railway to the port of Fray Bentos is completed, and was inaugurated for traffic in July last. The ocean mole at Fray Bentos will provide accommodation for the largest ocean steamer trading to and from the River Plate. Provision is made for trains to run alongside the ships lying at anchor at the mole, and it is expected that one of the large Ocean Line of steamers will very shortly establish a regular service there. The 1893 bonds of the Company, which, under the conditions of their issue, mature in November next. The directors have had this matter under their consideration, and an announcement will shortly be made. Should these bonds be renewed it will only be for a short period. In about seven years the whole of the £250,000 first mortgage debentures will have been redeemed and the 1893 bonds become a first charge on the railway; so that any future renewals after that time will only be made on the basis of a lower rate of interest than six per cent. Owing to the effect of the long drought on cattle and the damage to agriculture by the plague of locusts, the receipts for the first three months of this year show a decrease. The traffic has since materially improved, and, notwithstanding the indifferent conditions existing, the total receipts for the first six months to June, 1911, show an increase over last year of £766. But last year the carriage of construction material for the six months in question amounted to £2,547, as against £1,026 for this year; consequently, the increase of traffic on the ordinary revenue account for the period in question was nearly £2,300.

Mr. Henry R. Tamplin seconded the motion, and the resolution was carried unanimously, with a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors.

## RUBBER VENTURES, LTD.

THE First Annual General Meeting of Shareholders of Rubber Ventures, Limited, was held last Monday, at the London Chamber of Commerce, Oxford Court, Cannon Street, E.C. Mr. G. L. Stephenson (the chairman of the company) presided. The Chairman said:—As you have all now duly received a copy of the directors' report and accounts, I think you will agree with me that it is unnecessary to read the report, and I therefore propose that it should be taken as read. I do not intend to make any comment upon the balance-sheet, but I shall be very glad, at the conclusion of my remarks, to answer any questions which may be put to me by shareholders. I do not think you can be disappointed with the results which have now been placed before you, and

I think you will agree with me that for a small company we have done a great deal better than many more ambitious ventures, when it is remembered that there has been such a severe depression for the past twelve months. As stated in the directors' report, it has been the policy of your directors to conserve the funds of the company until such time as the general market conditions offer a good opportunity for further issues, in which case your directors have several excellent propositions that could be immediately dealt with. I should like to mention that one or two small investments which have been made will, I anticipate, with more active markets, result in the Company making some substantial profits. I am also pleased to be able to inform you that your directors had the opportunity in the initial stages of securing, on very advantageous terms, a considerable interest in a company possessing freehold claims in the township of Witney, in the new Porcupine Goldfields of Ontario, Canada, since when two well-known mining engineers who visited the property on behalf of that company have given a very favourable report, and I am hopeful that this investment will result in material benefit to this Company.

In answer to a question, the Chairman said that the auditors in their report, stated that an interim dividend amounting to £3,160, being in excess by £1,057 of the amount now shown as profit, was declared in the month of May, 1910, and duly paid, and at that time profits considerably in excess of this amount of dividend had undoubtedly been earned. At the time referred to the company had the necessary funds in hand. At a subsequent date, however, the Malindi Cotton and Rubber Estates, Limited, was floated, and on that flotation a certain amount of money was lost. At the date of the balance-sheet the securities were worth the amount at which date they were taken.

Mr. Jarvis said that a profit and loss account should have been printed with the balance-sheet, and that the report of the auditors should have been sent to the shareholders.

Mr. Donaldson proposed that the meeting be adjourned until Tuesday, October 3, at 2.30 p.m., and that a copy of the auditors' report be sent to each shareholder in the meantime.

Replying to a question, the Chairman said the establishment expenses amounted to approximately £800 for sixteen months, and these were now being considerably reduced. He then moved that the directors' report and audited accounts to June 30, 1911, be adopted.

Mr. F. W. Marshall seconded the motion.

Mr. Donaldson's proposition was put to the meeting as an amendment and carried on a show of hands, when the Chairman demanded a poll. He said that he was the largest shareholder in the company, and if it had not been for him the company would certainly not have been in the position that they were to-day. He could see no reason for adjourning the meeting. He was quite prepared to answer any questions which might be put. The present directors were not responsible for what had been done by their predecessors. He was perfectly satisfied that the company would pay dividends, and he maintained that it was in a much better position than the majority of rubber trust companies at the present time. Since he had been chairman they had only embarked upon one or two investments—one which was secured on very advantageous terms, and this had given them £3,500 worth of shares, for which they had been offered a figure which would yield a substantial profit.

A poll was taken on the amendment, and defeated by a large majority. The accounts were then adopted, and the directors and auditors re-elected.

Mr. W. A. Ling proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was carried.

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